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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1939
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Vol. CLVIII No. 2067 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 2 1939

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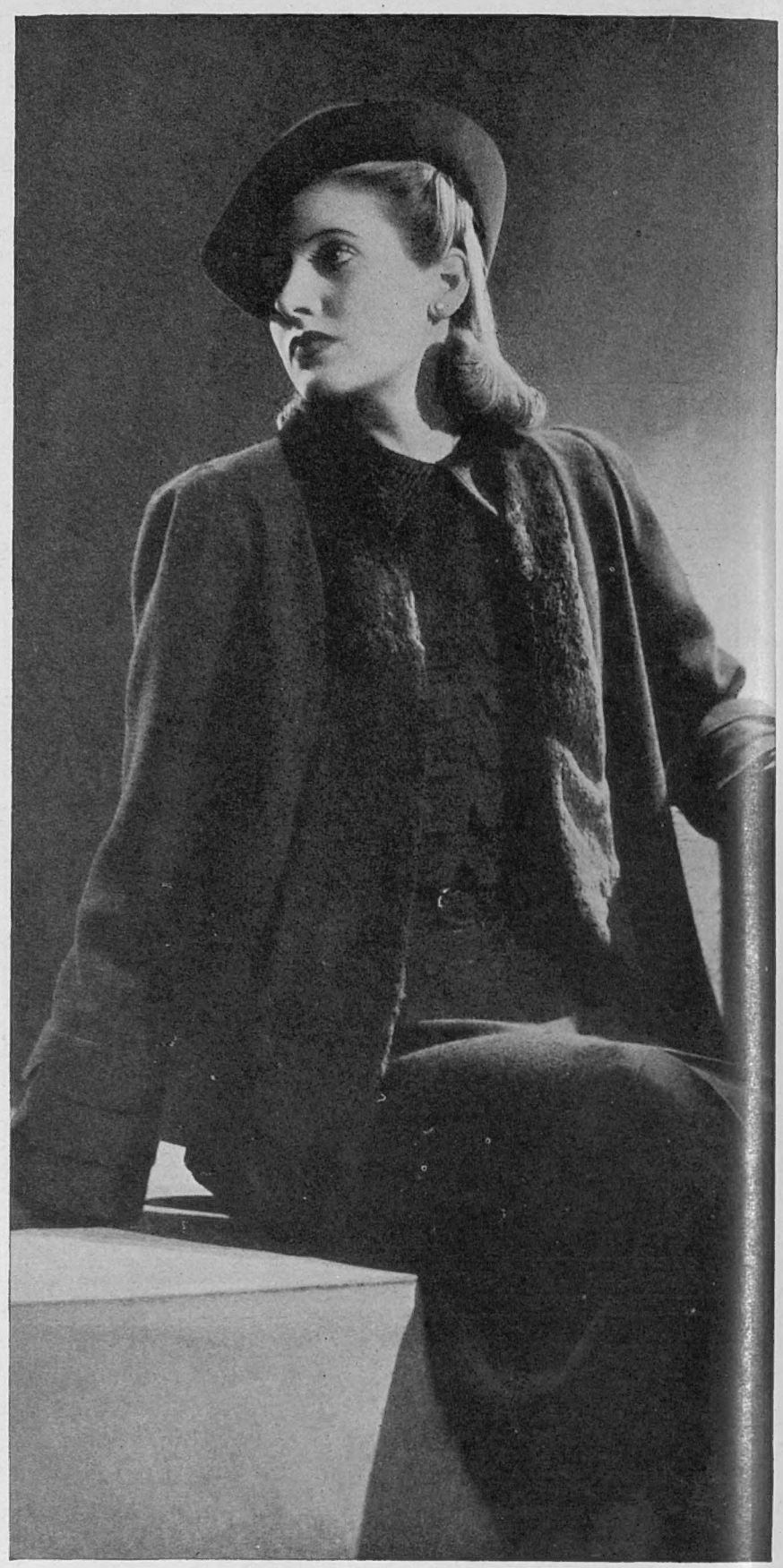

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 2, 1939

THE ASTONISHING RUSSO-GERMAN PACT

Scenes at the Moment of Signing in the Kremlin, Moscow

The two pictures given above record one of the most astonishing pacts made in the course of European history. It is hard to find a case where two important nations, endeavouring to make an agreement with a third nation, are suddenly informed that a fourth party has negotiated a definite pact at the same time, having entered, as it were, by a secret door; in this case, of the Kremlin. Such was, however, the news which burst upon Europe on the morning of Tuesday, August 22. Herr von Ribbentrop subsequently flew to Moscow, when the non-aggression pact was duly signed by M. Molotoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, German Legation secretary Holger standing ready with the blotting pad, and by the German Foreign Minister himself. The German Ambassador, Graf von der Schulenberg, was also present. He is seen on the right in both pictures

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UNDISTURBED BY ALARMS OF WAR

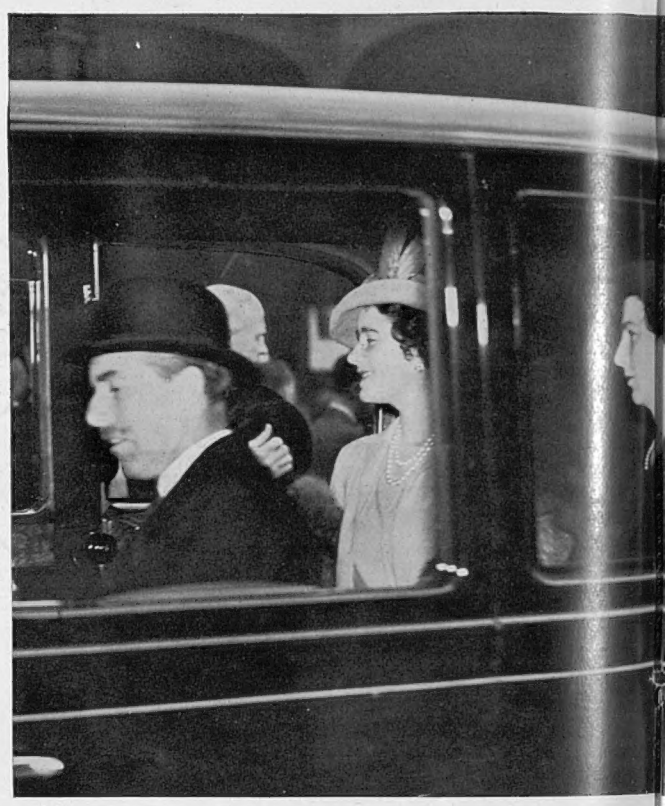
Very sensibly our Prime Minister takes his morning walk in St. James's Park with Mrs. Chamberlain whatever may be the nature of the political situation. This is, of course, the recipe for steady nerves in times of stress

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, August 30, 1939.

THE ALTERNATIVES.—It is possible that before these lines are printed, we shall be at war with Germany. It is probable that before the next issue is due to appear, European war on a large scale will have broken out, and if it be so, those of us who come out at the other end of the tunnel of horror must expect to resume and re-make a manner of life which will be little recognisable with that in which we were born. In the next few weeks or days, only three things can happen: Either war will break out; or a patched-up deferment of the tragedy—a new Munich—implying no change of heart in Germany and with its implications of a continuance of the war of nerves and insults; or Germany will show a change of heart and suddenly agree to come to the conference table with restraint and reason. Of these three alternatives, the last is in the highest degree unlikely, the first seems the most probable; the second is possible. No doubt, if the second alternative came, we should heave a sigh of relief—we should have gained a respite, 3 months, 6 months perhaps. Let us be honest and courageous in our thoughts—on this supreme crisis in our fate. Would not the second alternative be worse than the first? We have sometimes said that war deferred means much, even the hope of peace secured. But, looking back on the months since last September, can we honestly say that life under the conditions in which we have lived it would be much worse in every way under conditions of war? I suppose no man living loathes and dreads the horrors of war more than I. It is a madness, the very thought of which drives one mad. But in truth I feel there are but two possible alternatives to-day: war, or an admission of a changed heart by Germany. And one of these is probable, the other barely possible. If that reasoning be right, we must brace ourselves to the belief that the worst horrors of war which a lively imagination can torture itself with may be better than another year like the last. If the nettle must be grasped, it is better to grasp it now. We take our stand on decency and honour, and those are things which do not admit of compromise, hesitation, half measures, the nice calculation of profit and loss; aye, and of life and death. Nothing has struck me more these last days than the way in which we have, quite rightly, gone on living with a foot in either world. We have read and listened to the historic decisions of nations and the pronouncements of statesmen which will become history, and at the same time to the reports of scores made by batsmen in second-class county cricket matches. On that basis I have prepared this Newsletter. It is the only method I can think of. We know not to which world we belong. We are in God's hands. We are in Hell and in the Silly Season. It is holiday time and war time. Civilisation and barbarism struggle on the crater's edge. At the moment of writing, we await tensely the result of negotiations between Hitler and the Peace Powers. Some change of heart in Hitler is faintly discernible in his still determined utterances. But the British view remains solid: A change of heart, ensuring the end of the long nightmare of uncertainty and financial ruin, is most desirable and earnestly prayed for. If Hitler is great enough to climb down, nothing is impossible for Germany and for civilisation. But if he cares more to save his face than to save humanity, then, we say, war is less terrible, even in its most terrible implications, than another "Munich," another six months of nightmare and vitriol and financial ruin.

NAZI-SOVIET PACT—FIRST REACTIONS.—When on August 22 we learned from German sources that Germany and Russia had concluded a non-aggression pact and that Ribbentrop was flying to Moscow to sign it, I suppose our feelings of humiliation were justified. We were justified in declaring that the democratic method of Government had finally proved its absurdity. For half a year, with the Axis laughing in its sleeve and the Soviets chuckling, with the British Opposition sleuths probing into every detail of the clumsy, Newfoundland-puppy-like efforts we have been making, we have in a glare of publicity endeavoured to conclude an anti-aggression pact, with Russia as a partner in the peace front. And the Nazis, working efficiently and in silence, at the hour that exactly suited them, have concluded a non-aggression pact with Russia and signed it under the noses of our military mission engaged in shaping the plans for Russia's co-operation in resistance to German aggression. We have no justification for thinking out new hard names to apply to the Nazis. On the contrary, we should take off our hats to them. Their methods are as crystal clear as they are efficient. They do not pretend to any international morality, and in this case morality does not enter into the question. They have foully insulted the Soviet system by every means in their power and concluded a pact of friendship and a trade agreement with them, while their insults should still be burning the souls of their new Bolshevik friends. Of the Soviet Government, no words, however hard, could be hard enough, at the first hearing of the report. It was, of course, a Frenchman who coined the *mot juste*, wittily enough. "Russia is presumably joining the Anti-Comintern Pact." If she signed that pact we could only be pleasantly surprised (such was justly our first reaction) if she allowed our mission a safe conduct home and did not do it to death and throw the bodies down a deserted mine-shaft. A sense of honour so easy, a cynicism so shameless, need not boggle at that.



TWO QUEENS IN TOWN DURING CRISIS WEEK

Queen Elizabeth travelled to London from Ballater on Monday night and rejoined the King in Buckingham Palace. The Princesses remained in Scotland. *On right*—Queen Mary's gateway with its guard betokened the fact that the Queen Mother was residing at her home in all eventualities

BRITAIN THE "HONEST FOOL."—And Britain and the democratic theory of government? Is there in history or fiction or drama a more perfect prototype or representation of the "honest fool," the world's butt? Meanwhile the German armies are massing and the hour draws near, according to plan. "*War is unlikely and the Government has very good reasons for saying so*" (Sir Thomas Inskip, British Minister). Such reflections were justified at the breakfast table on August 22. By the 23rd calmer reflections had supervened. Pacts have long since ceased to have any control

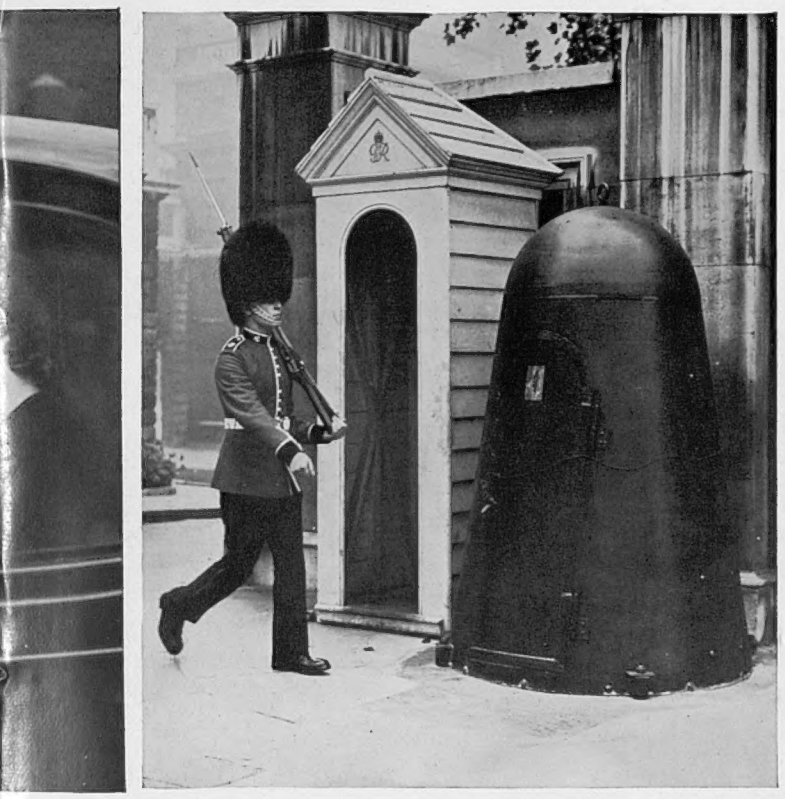
over acts or to affect facts. And one fact remains: Britain, France, and Poland, so long as Poland shows cause, are going to co-operate to resist aggression and they are strong enough to-day to give a good account of themselves. And another fact stands out: Any pact signed by Germany (and perhaps by Russia) is worth half the value of the paper it is written on. And as a tail piece. Mr. Chamberlain appreciates Dickens and Thackeray. He coined his famous *Bleak House* simile. If in this diplomatic pull-devil, pull-baker, *he* has been Colonel Newcombe and Hitler the Artful Dodger, which character would we as a nation wish to represent us? The old world and its standards of conduct are not quite vanished yet. While it remains we value what Colonel Newcombe stands for. And we take our stand for decency.

DOUBTING THOMAS?—You recollect that a short time back Sir Thomas Inskip, speaking in Argyllshire, said: "War is unlikely, and the Government has good reasons for saying so." You remember that piquancy was given to this very brave announcement by Lord Halifax's grave warning of the critical state of affairs on the same day. Since then I have thought a lot about Sir Thomas and wondered what led him to speak as he did, and what was in his mind during the hectic week-ends last past, when we waited for the zero hour so tensely. What were those good reasons? Is it not odd that no hint as to their nature has ever come to us? And even assuming they existed and were as good as Sir Thomas obviously thought them, why did *he* take the risk and the responsibility of declaring that war was unlikely? Why Sir Thomas Inskip? If, a fortnight ago, war was unlikely and the Government were satisfied that it was so, why did not either the Premier declare it or, alternatively, ban all his Ministers from making that bright belief known to the nation? You'll admit it is very puzzling and, last week-end, it did not encourage our faith in Ministerial pronouncements. Shall we ever know the solution? And did those good reasons exist, only to vanish under changed conditions a few days later?

RAILWAY HOLD-UP.—The A.S.L.E.F. decided to call a strike on Saturday, August 26. This union represents engine drivers, firemen and cleaners. Some engine-drivers earn £5 a week, no cleaner less than 50s. and most of them more. The N.U.R. which represents a much larger body of railwaymen, the rank and file, many of whom still earn less than the minimum rate of 50s. regarded as just and overdue by railway workers generally, decided against strike action and for a continuance of negotiation; and by so doing they gained much public sympathy and respect, though no thinking man supposes that the companies can squeeze blood out of a stone. But for the A.S.L.E.F., public sympathy, however strong it may have been, instantly declined. The decision was taken in the hour of the gravest danger which ever faced this country. The history of railway strikes, and industrial strikes generally, is a clear and open page. The public always favours the workers rather than the employers where constitutional methods are employed, where reason and conciliation are maintained, and where a case of real hardship is made out. But time and again it has shown by an instant withdrawal of sympathy that it will not suffer a national danger to be exploited by any body of workers and will not submit to be held up at the pistol point. It would be impertinent and foolish to declare that in holiday time railway workers do not work too hard or that railway service is carried out under ideal conditions, needing no improvements. But conditions of service are continually under review, the trend is always upward to improvement, and machinery exists and is swift and effective on the whole. To-day is a day of acute national danger; all classes are overworked and suffering, and the railway engineers' union was definitely exploiting that danger for selfish ends. If it had persisted in its unpatriotic expedient, it would have become a declared enemy of the State, and would have put its case, good or bad, out of Court. Needless to say, the union saw the truth and made the right and patriotic withdrawal.

ALWAYS GERMANY.—It has been my fate during the year past to study the political and social history of our own time and the diaries and notes of men who were at the centre of things throughout. From 1865 to 1939, seventy-four years of troubled history and violent change. Into it, it is fair to say, is packed the political crises and social changes of two centuries and more. And one thing stands out all through the period, the black shadow of Germany lying over the face of Europe. It was not in 1900, or 1910, that this German menace began to dominate world politics. It began with Bismarck, began with the new German Empire and was established as a bogy after 1870. From that date it has steadily grown and perpetually acerbated European relations. The slogans current to-day—encirclement, aggression, denial of raw materials and breathing spaces—were coined and in daily use a generation before the great war. Ever since Bismarck's triumphs, Germany has been the aggressive, *nouveau riche* in a community of squires, the rich and truculent iron master who acquired a big place in the country, wanted to buy up more land, to get elected to the bench, to the county club, to be on the Hunt Committee and to be accepted as one of the big figures in the county. The reasons for our failure to take the one chance which offered (1919–25) to change her nature, lay in our inability to judge her exactly as one could and did judge an individual in the circumstances I have described—a *nouveau riche* in the old society of a county. A *nouveau riche* with all the good points and all the failings of the breed. Energy, ambition, a great desire to co-operate (if terms of equality were offered), a readiness to be generous on the same terms. And with all the failings of the breed—an intense suspicion, a readiness to see slights and to find snubs where none were intended; a vulnerability that was pitiful; aggressiveness and rudeness always on the surface to repel such alleged slights; a culture flaunted and advertised because it seemed the only way to reveal its existence. Among Germans, from highest to lowest, these qualities and failings were in evidence. It was *so* that the Kaiser tried to sweep the board at Cowes, *so* that the Crown Prince sought to hold his own at sport with British cavalry officers in India; *so* that German savants made valuable contributions to scientific and artistic progress. If only we could have seen Germany during those years with the understanding eye of an old squire observing his *nouveau riche* neighbour, we might have appreciated the enormous importance of treating as *real* those failings, that thin-skinned suspicion of snubs. We did not do so, and Germany fell back again on the chief weapons of the parvenu, aggressiveness and ill-manners. And here we are to-day, lashed to a state of hatred which must take years to cool and committed to a state of affairs wherein personal pride may sacrifice the lives and happiness of millions, and face-saving may be accomplished for a few individuals at the cost of civilisation. Germany, Germany! It has been the black shadow and menace for seventy years.

GENERAL ARTHUR ASQUITH.—Arthur Asquith was no doubt one of the less brilliant of Lord Oxford's brilliant sons, for the adjective is usually applied to intellectual gifts. But his qualities were of the rarest kind. He was outstanding for the nobility of his nature, for his high ideals of duty and service, for his selflessness, for his stern and calm courage, for his kindliness and breadth of mind, for his thoughtfulness for others. He was a born leader in time of trouble and a fine example at all times. Intellectually, if he did not display gifts of brilliance, he possessed the most solid essentials of high intellect. I think of him as a very rare spirit. THE OLD STAGER

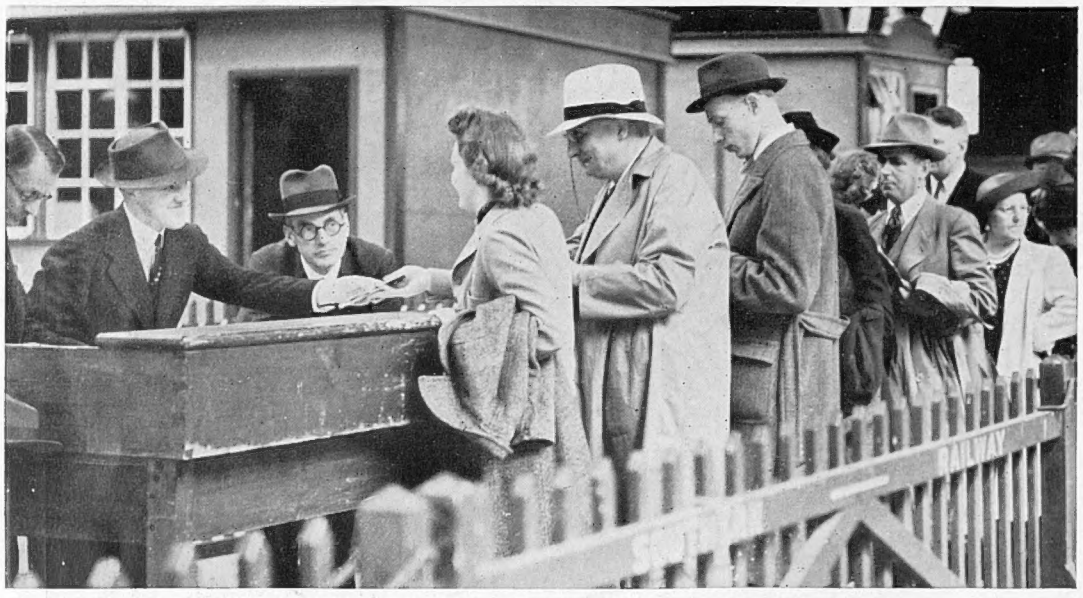


On right—**SANDBAGGING THE FLAT ROOF OF A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING:** A large number of London's new buildings have flat roofs with sky-light apertures. They present certain A.R.P. difficulties which have to be met with sandbags

EXODUS IN THREE DIRECTIONS

ENGLISH TOURISTS CROWD STEAMERS

A large number of English tourists were caught upon the Continent by the sudden "heating up" of the crisis news. From Dieppe, where this picture was taken, services were running in triplicate, but this only partially eased the situation. Over eighty cars were marooned on the quayside, waiting to rejoin their owners



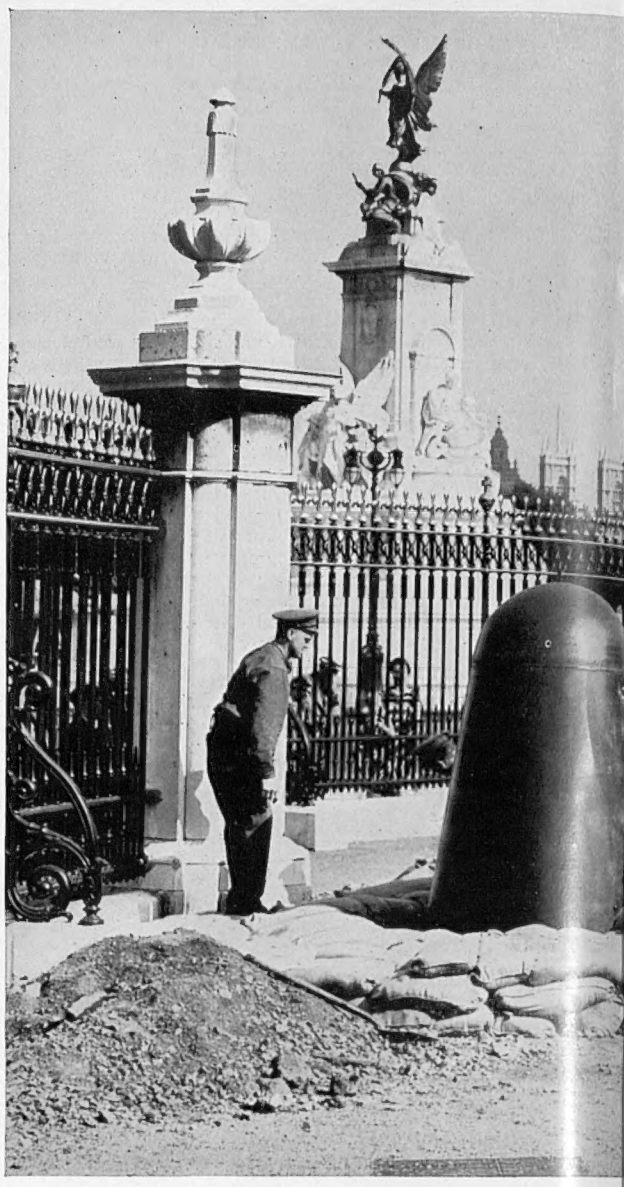
AMERICAN VISITORS LEAVE FOR NEW YORK

When the German liner *Hansa* touched at Southampton on her way to the States, great numbers of Americans, acting on Embassy advice, left for New York

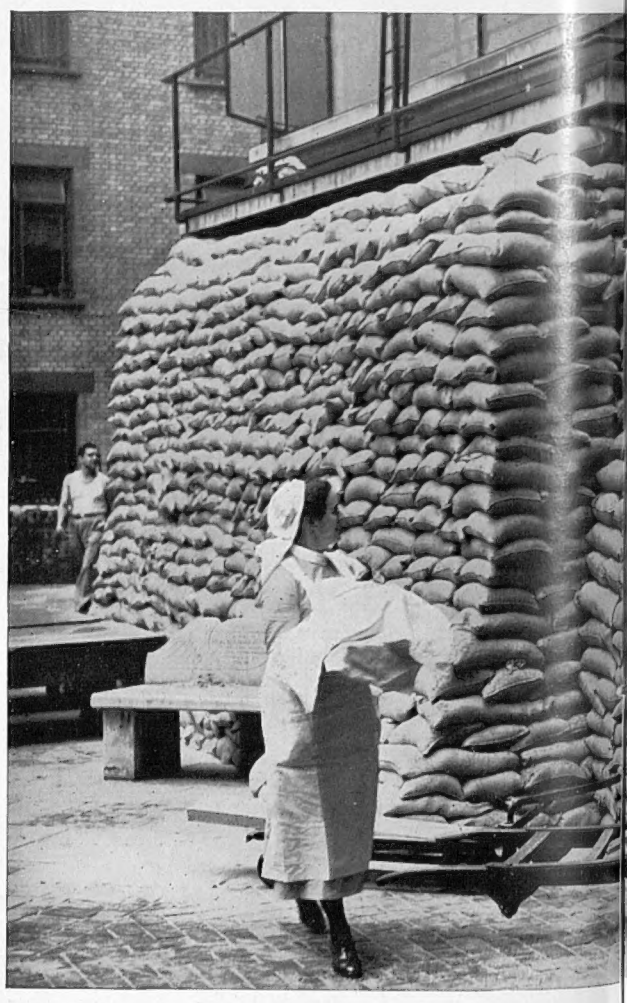
GERMANS TRY TO LEAVE ENGLAND

Numbers of Germans resident in this country attempted to return to Germany by the S.S. *Europa* which was scheduled to touch at Southampton. She failed to put in an appearance and a number of Germans were stranded at the port

A.R.P. PREPARAT



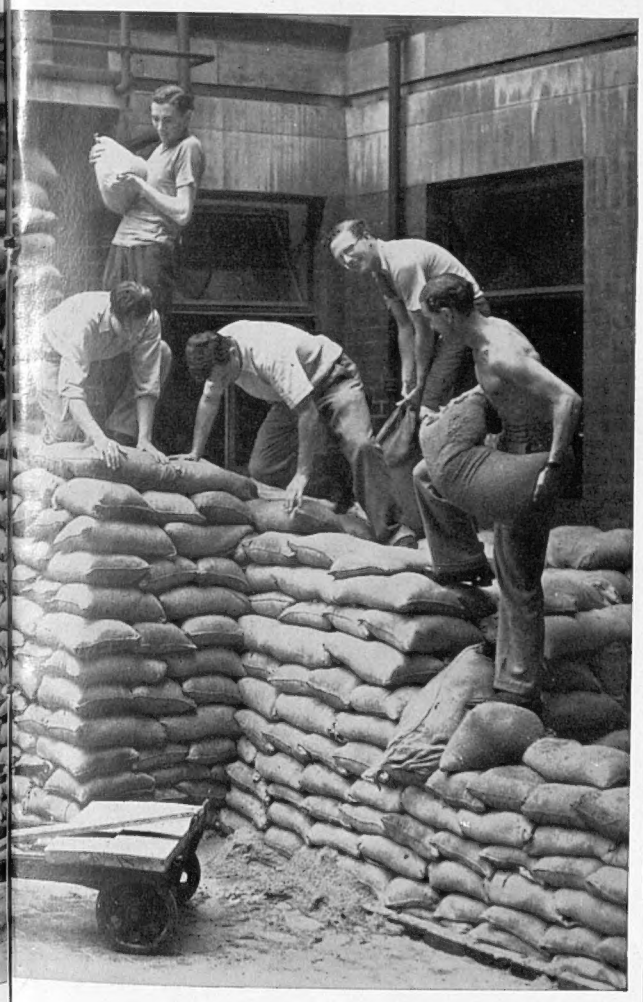
PILL-BOXES FOR THE SENTRIES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



SANDBAGGING THE HOSPITALS OF THE METROPOLIS

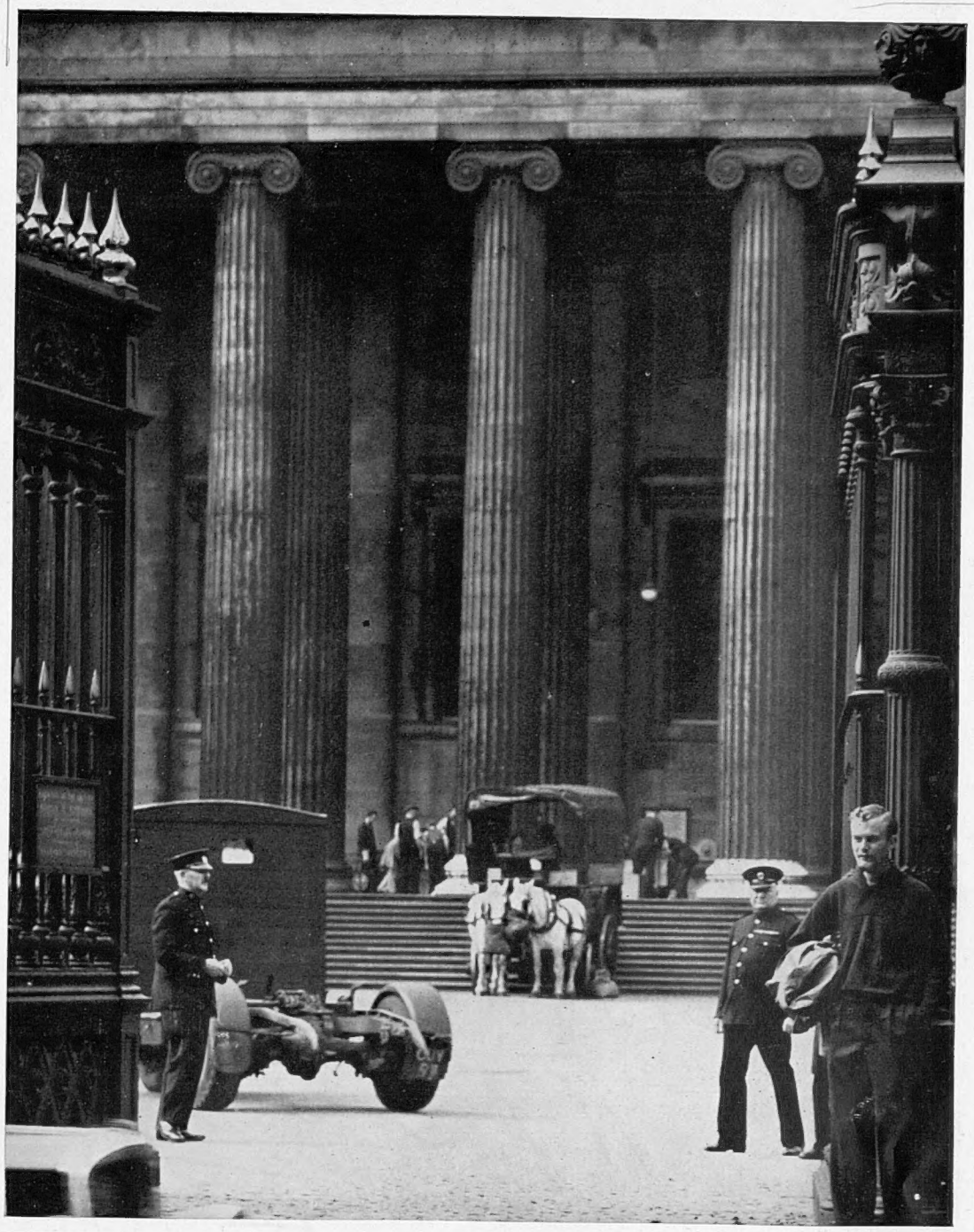
IONS IN LONDON

The sugarloaf metal shelter was being placed around the courtyard of the Palace at the beginning of the week. This form of shelter is intended to provide cover for the solitary worker



All over London preparations for possible air raids have been made this week. Countless sandbags (their total numbers are astronomical) were filled and placed against danger points of the various buildings

GUARDING NATIONAL TREASURE



A COLOSSAL TASK FOR BRITISH MUSEUM

The great storehouse of priceless objects in Bloomsbury has been the scene of an intensive evacuation of delicate objects which have been taken to places of safety. Only readers were admitted to the building this week

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL HOUSES EVACUATE

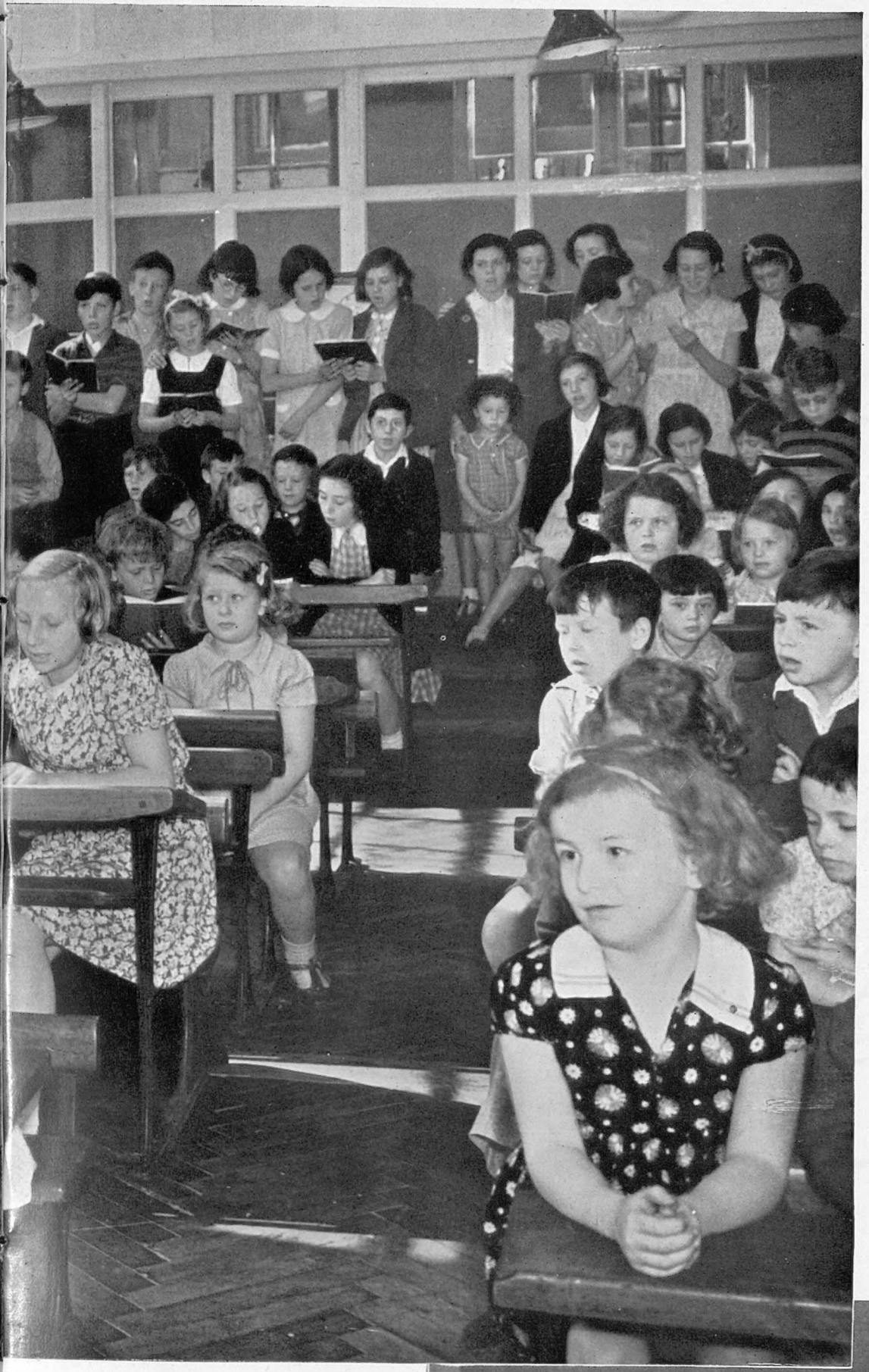
In various parts of the City and Westminster commercial and financial houses were to be seen removing papers and valuables to districts less obviously raidable. This was thought desirable where premises were of old construction

"RULE, BRITANNIA": Singing that stirring song, children class-room last Saturday to receive instructions from evacuation rehearsal. Only those children who were

THE main note, of course, children in all the excitement of an outing; one or two here and there a bit pensive. Parents and guardians grave, alert, determined, resigned; superintendent and staff playing up to the general spree. Clockwork method, and action brisk without hurry, showing grasp on a long thought-out organisation; the smallest detail fitting into place without fuss. Followed a parade round the tree in the middle of the playground, as it were, "Here we go round the mulberry bush," the procession headed by a banner bearing L.C.C. and the school number. Also fluttering in the breeze, large-sized luggage labels attached wherever most convenient. Gas-mask cartons, now mostly in durable cases, some still dangling precariously by tape or string. Impedimenta, various; hikers' knapsacks nearly as large as their wearers; "tashy cases," and suit-cases waist high to the small owners. At the end I have appended a list of kit and

On left—
FULLY EQUIPPED AND LABELLED: A school teacher marshalling her children at the Wilton Way School, Hackney, on the day of the try-out

TRYING OUT the EVACUATION SCHEME for LONDON'S CHILDREN



at Laystall Street School, Holborn, assembled in the the headmaster as to what to bring for last Monday's in London for their holidays took part in the rehearsal

food advised for boys and girls. All this was left behind at noon, with orders to parade again next day—just in case it should be the real thing. One teacher and one volunteer helper to every ten children; six members of staff and two assistants for eighty children. Mothers have thought twice. Some 70 per cent. now estimated as having registered, willing to trust their children awhile to kindly strangers. Their teachers, of course, would accompany them.

Complete faith of parents in arrangements made was conspicuous. Here and there, perhaps, "some natural tears they shed, but dried them soon." No useless comments. All such family heart-searchings got over and left behind.

The whole a fine piece of expert work, expressive of the quiet determination which is permeating the entire community.

(Continued on page 368)

On right—

HAND IN HAND TO SAFETY: Tiny children on their way to the Hugh Myddelton School, Clerkenwell, each child carrying personal luggage and food supply

WITH GAS-MASKS AND FOOD PACKETS: Two little sisters on their way to school at Islington. Everything is arranged so that it can be slung on the shoulders

SEEING HIS FRIENDS OFF: The boy on the left, whose parents have made private arrangements for his evacuation in case of need, is chatting with his friends

Crisis-time Impressions

From France

LARCHANT, near FONTAINEBLEAU.
Sunday, August 27, 1939.

HERE at Larchant is an absolutely typical French village, which, on the border of Fontainebleau Forest, is nevertheless considered to be in the greater Parisian area. Despite the fact that the international political situation is perfectly well understood to be, and to have been for some few months, extremely delicate, and the present crisis far, far more acute than that of last September, the countryside and its people are absolutely calm. Although one speaks of "war scare," this is merely the name given to a legitimate and reasonable apprehension of a terrible disaster to be avoided if possible. I have recently arrived at Larchant, after motoring up country during the space of a month, by towns and villages, large and small, from Perpignan.

Nowhere have I seen the least sign of "frousse," which is French for unreasonable fear. And this morning, opening a well-informed Parisian newspaper I find a particularly apt headline: "La guerre des nerfs n'affecte nullement le peuple de France." This is perfectly true; the people—town or country folk—may be excited by the present startling events, and awed by the peril of the moment, but they are *not nervy*. They are rightly apprehensive, but so they have been ever since last September. The exceptionally hard winter, the long evenings by the fireside reading newspapers in which, perforce, the political news has not been of a hopeful tone, and the agricultural and other troubles caused by a rather rainy summer, have given them time to think. And now when the real great crisis has come, the people are united in opinion, stoic, and absolutely resolved to face, and fight, the fiercest odds. If the worst should come to the worst, nobody has any doubt about the result; but to "go through it" is looked upon with horror. Thus the people are carrying-on in the hope that the black clouds of war will roll away.

In passing through the Midi, I was rather struck by a phrase I first heard at Cahors, and a little later on at La Chapelle-d'Angillon, which is near the celebrated Chateaux de la Loire district. This was: "Après la moisson, la guerre"—an incentive to get the corn in the barn before the possible coming of the storm. But despite the note of pessimism expressed in seemingly rather empty phrase, village fêtes were in full swing everywhere, agricultural shows were being held, and four independent circuses, camping for one night only in each locality, were drawing crowds—all this from Toulouse to Orleans. A trip made during the Fêtes de l'Assomption (12th to 15th inst.) by Sens, Auxerre, Autun and in the Morvan mountains, showed the same healthy and courageous spirit of "ne pas s'en faire" (don't worry about it!).

I can hardly speak of the Rhône Valley, where, this week, outdoor electric lighting and néon signs are forbidden, excepting to say that during the former crisis (September, 1938) the same sang-froid was displayed. However, I do know for a fact that there is no "frousse" at Avignon, or Toulouse; and that Marseilles is just as intensely bent on pleasure as it always is. But these towns are, of course, far from what is—at least at present!—considered the "war area." However, even in the centre, and slightly towards the north, round about Nevers and Auxerre, if not Dijon; and again, up to the Parisian district, by way of Orleans or Mantes, for instance, there is not the slightest note of despair about the present situation.

But Larchant, the typical village, being near Fontainebleau, and therefore near Paris in this sense, has "the soul of the country and the spirit of the town"—despite the fact that the nearest railway line and station are 6 miles away, at Nemours. Like other villages this week-end, but for visitors still lingering on holiday, Larchant is curiously silent. There are hardly any young men about. The last of the corn harvest is being gathered in by the women, and the children lead the horses to and from the fields. Last Saturday's market at Nemours was as crowded, or more so, than ever; and over at Fontainebleau in the morning, I found the café terraces full of officers sipping their aperitifs as usual, and the streets full of tourists of most European nationalities, as well as many Americans—two of whom, at least, did not succeed in buying dollars at one of the well-known banks there! But the reason for the calm at Fontainebleau is the same as that at Larchant: the young men are called-up, and the troops usually stationed in the barracks are—I was going to say at the front!! Anyway, wherever they are, they are certainly alongside the troops from Orleans, Bourges, Auxerre and elsewhere.

One may rightly say that the mind of the people of France, in view of this terribly long-drawn-out political situation, has at last reached the stage where newspapers of the usual florid type and wireless information of the same colour make no impression whatever. Many people buy newspapers, simply glance at the headlines, and put the papers aside. The *guerre des nerfs* does not succeed in getting them down. By nature the French are a critical and incredulous people, if not also somewhat cynical. Their first thought is, "Is it true?" and their second, "Probably not!"

(*Continued on page* 370)

From Holland

Amsterdam feels the international tension—crowds watch the marching of troops of the volunteer Burgerwacht through the streets to take up guard at various points

AMSTERDAM, August 27, 1939.

THE Dutch have no intention of being caught napping. In 1914 their mobilisation orders were out twenty-four hours before those of Germany and France; and again, to-day, an aggressor against Holland will find 400,000 sturdy Dutch soldiers there to meet him.

Complete mobilisation orders have now been issued. The railway stations and trains are full of soldiers making cheerily for unknown destinations. The voluntary citizen army, or *Burgerwacht*, have been called up to mount guard over royal palaces, Government buildings, post offices, banks, and museums. The conscripts are all wanted at the frontiers and at the fortifications which bound the so-called "water-line."

In Amsterdam this morning I had to pick my way through mountains of soldiers' kit to get out of the bustling Central Station. The square in front of the station was reminiscent of the last war—officers and men all over the place and groups of citizens with their heads close together enjoying the heated political discussions which are a privilege of neutrals.

There is not much sympathy here for the Germans, but like small boys in a school a good many Dutchmen cannot withhold their sneaking regard for the bully. Besides, as they keep on telling me, they are neutral; and from the rarefied atmosphere of neutrality the problems of the world stand out in better proportion than from the thick, hot atmosphere of countries which are in the midst of it. That would be true if the people were as neutral as their Government. But they are not. Hence the perspiring, arguing crowds in front of the station, on the big square of the Dam, in front of the newspaper offices in the Nieuwe Voorburgwal, which is Amsterdam's Fleet Street.

There were big crowds, too, around the magnificent Royal Palace of the Dam. That was because, for the first time in modern history, volunteer citizen soldiers—men of the *Burgerwacht*—in green uniforms and steel helmets were mounting guard at the doors of the palace. Traffic in the busy streets around the palace was held up while hundreds of people, complete with bicycles, stood gaping at the unaccustomed and rather frightening spectacle of boys with helmets and bayonets lining up along the palace walls. It was the same at the big Post Office, at the Inland Revenue offices, and at the municipal buildings and leading museums. And everybody was saying: "Just like 1914—only worse, if anything."

Heads meet in a heated political argument beneath a lime tree in one of the main streets of Amsterdam.

Back in my village, about twenty miles away from Amsterdam, I found that my gardener and my grocer had both been called up. The telephone would not work because the military had exclusive use of the net. The maid was developing symptoms of an attack of the jitters because her parents' home was in a frontier village which might at any moment have to be evacuated. "You see, sir, in the last war. . . ." Half an hour of pathetic reminiscence.

It is not all fun being neutral.

R. E.

From Ireland

IT was a pleasing contrast to London when I crossed over on August 1. Seagulls flew across the skies of Dublin instead of aeroplanes, and the Wicklow mountains are a more restful sight at the end of a street than a balloon barrage—less useful? Oh, perhaps, but we are in Ireland.

Life was very gay in the capital of Eire. (Do you know how to pronounce the name? How glad I was that I did not venture on it until I heard someone refer to "Airer.") Horse Show week is the peak of Dublin social gaiety. Everyone comes in from the country; everyone is in town, and there seem to be as many "G.B." cars as local ones. Anyone looking to the left before they step off the pavement is nearly certain to be English. Glory be, what Irishman bothers to do that?

The weather was unkind—dark, rather cold, with rain of occasionally cruel violence. Mackintoshes and thick suits were the only possible wear. We set off for a garden party at a consulate and were wet and cold by the time we had entered the gates, been deflected from the front door and reached our host, standing hatless, immaculate in morning coat and striped trousers under some dripping trees. He greeted my friends with stately charm, the stranger was introduced, we were told our hostess would be found in one of the marquees—and never a reference to the rain which was pouring down! Champagne and a band did their best to cheer us, but it was a losing battle against sodden shoes.

On the Wednesday of Horse Show week we motored out to Ballsbridge and circled round and round trying to find a spot into which to inveigle our car—not a hope, and you cannot walk a mile in rain like that. So back nearly to town to a taxi rank, where we leave the car outside a friend's house and go back to the show in a taxi. We wandered around looking at hand-woven cloth and pushed our way through a small crowd to look at the only working model, tiny trains carrying first the grain and then the finished local whisky here and there.

But we had come for the Horse Show, so putting up our umbrellas, we ran across an open space to the ground. It's difficult to be terribly enthusiastic in some kinds of weather, but the picturesque sight of the masters of the various local hunts and a pack of hounds cheered our spirits; and when all the hounds with a certain amount of difficulty were persuaded to stay together till the huntsman could get away and sound his horn, and the pack started after him in full spate, tails up, we forgot the rain and raced out of shelter to watch them.

So the work went on, parties, dances, dinners—the crux of the Horse Show being the international jumping. It was well staged. The order by which the competitors entered the arena was by the chance of a draw, and as each country's representatives entered, the band played their national anthem.

Feeling around us ran high at moments. English visitors and pro-English Irish decided that the greatest enthusiasm was for England and Ireland; some doubted if they could bear to stand for "Deutschland uber alles," but international courtesy overcame personal feelings and we stood at each national anthem.

There was an Irish horse who jumped both rounds faultlessly. Good old Limerick Lace; it was said he had won so many first prizes that he always stepped forward when he saw a silver cup! It required all one's sportsmanship not to feel chagrined when England, fourth in the finals, had to follow Germany round the course, but consolation came when the prize for the best personal performance went to an Englishman.

It was almost an effort, in this welter of gaiety, to open the discreet pages of *The Times*—the English *Times*, we must differentiate—and find that all was not so well in Europe. One's orientation had unconsciously slipped.

Away in remote and beautiful Killarney the hotel staff were sad. "Sure, we have never had such a poor season that we can remember. The Lord love us, is it likely the English would be coming at all?"

The long island in Cobh, which is Cork's enormous harbour 15 miles from the city itself, has a deserted look. The Irish shake their heads: what are they going to do if there is war with Germany? Surely to goodness, the Germans might use their great harbours as naval bases, for the last of the English naval guards left, according to the arrangement with the Free State, early this summer, and what navy has Ireland with which to protect herself?

The news in the *Sunday Times* of August 20 did not seem very reassuring, so regretfully I decided to tear myself from the charms of Ireland and catch the next boat to England. Such is Irish hospitality that I very nearly missed the Monday evening boat and the gangway was drawn up as I stepped on board. Small groups of people were standing about on deck, talking quietly or listening to the news coming from the radio: was the German-Russian pact a fact or a rumour? In the absence of certainty there were no signs of travel gaiety, no laughter, and soon the decks were empty and all had gone below.

(*Continued on page* 370)

EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF ARMENIA

The Photographic Records of a Journey of Exploration

SUPERB INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of the architectural style of this monastic church at Haghpad in the province of Koukarkh, Armenia. The picture, together with the others on this page and the next, was taken by Mr. Eric King during a recent visit to this land where Christianity became the official state religion as early as the third century and where the people evolved buildings essentially of their own. Note the distinctly original fretted plait ornamentation

THE MONASTIC CHURCH OF SANAHIN, which is situated close to that at Haghpad and was founded by the same personage, is another remarkable example of Armenian ecclesiastical architecture photographed by Mr. Eric King, whose study of this subject to a large extent breaks fresh ground. The southern façade of the church at Sanahin, it will be seen, has a range of false arcades resting on columns surmounted by cushion capitals

WHERE THE ARMENIAN PRINCES RETIRED TO CLEANSE THEMSELVES FROM SIN: Two churches in the grounds of the monastery of Makravank, which was built in the seventh century and achieved fame as a "retreat." The southern façades of the two churches exemplify the prevalent arrow-slit type of window which doubtless once served as a means of defence against the Arab despoilers. This style of architecture should undoubtedly be the object of much further research, for up to now most writers have skirted the subject by referring only to such great edifices as are found in Athens, Istanbul, and other accessible centres

HEWN OUT OF THE LIVING ROCK, the Rousoukhna sanctuary constitutes a crypt adjacent to the Keghart monastery in the Armenian province of Siounik'h. This astonishing excavation dates from the year 1288 and reveals obvious Saracenic influence in the construction of pillars and arches

A LION DEVOURING AN OX is one of the curious sculptures adorning the south wall of the monastery of Keghart, which was founded in the year 1136. The circle close to the rectangular Gothic window contains thirteen rays representing the apostles and St. Gregory, patron saint of Armenia

THE CATHEDRAL OF ECHMIADZIN dates in the main from the late fifth and early seventh centuries, and is of immense interest to the student of Armenian ecclesiastical architecture as so many minor alterations have been made since then that almost every period is represented in some degree. The Patriarch Kirakus carried out a restoration scheme in 1441, whilst the west door and main entrance were added in 1658. The sacristy, standing right at the east end of the edifice, was built in 1882

MASSIVE EVEN IN DECAY: All that remains of an ambulatory of Byzantine character belonging to the seventh-century church of Sourp Garabed which stands on the lower slopes of Mount Alagoz

ARMENIA'S WEALTH of ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE

A Photographic Record of a Journey Among the Little-known Remains of this Antique Land

Armenian ecclesiastical architecture, which should command such special attention through the fact that Armenia was the first land to adopt Christianity as its official religion, is a distinctly neglected subject, many reference books of good repute being very hazy on the subject. Mr. Eric King, who recently made an extensive tour of this autonomous Soviet republic, has returned, however, with a set of pictures that shed much new light, revealing the superb individuality of style so often adopted by the early builders. In the following notes Mr. King describes outstanding characteristics of the Armenian style.

THE typical ground-plan of the early Armenian churches (almost invariably faced with ashlar) appears to have been square, possibly in imitation of the old heathen temples, and over this square they raised a dome (a feature probably borrowed from the Persians).

In the case of the Patriarchal Cathedral of Echmiadzin, illustrated on this page, the ground-plan is square, the lofty dome resting upon massive piers joined at the top by horseshoe-shaped arches, whilst supporting cylindrical niches above the four corners of the square are crowned by semi-domes curving inwards and strengthening the base of the central tower. This characteristic method of building produces an extremely impressive upward, soaring effect. The familiar drum and surmounting conical cupola, either (as in the case of this church) of polygonal or of circular form, was probably not evolved before the late seventh or early eighth century.

This historic edifice was originally extended by four semi-circular apses, of which one, of early date, is seen on the south side; that on the east is completely obscured by the addition in 1882 of the inelegant extension comprising the Treasury, whilst that at the west end has become merged into the elaborate entrance of a design which was probably not in vogue in Armenia prior to its erection in the year 1658 (when a veritable mania for the addition of this type of portal set in) and to which the conical belfry formerly surmounting the apse was transferred. Belfries of this, to my mind, rather pleasing design are believed to have originally adorned the church as restored at the close of the fifth century.

Of the appearance of the original structure it is impossible to form any accurate conjecture. Suffice it to say that a church was traditionally erected on this site about the year 302 by St. Gregory, according to Divine command as vouchsafed in a Celestial vision, the Saint having been assisted in his labours by his convert, King Terdat the Great. The monastery of Echmiadzin stands close to the modern village of Vagharshapat, the site of the ancient capital of Armenia (197–342 A.D.), which lies at a distance of about 15 miles to the west of Erivan, the Soviet Armenian capital.

The apse or apses of Armenian churches are frequently simply revealed by the use of two tall ornamental niches curving inwards from the wall; portions of two such niches are just discernible at either side of the entrance portal in the photograph of the upper south wall of the Keghart monastery.

The circular church is far less frequently encountered, but here again the ground plan is usually quadrangular.

Now to what extent has Armenian art exercised contributory influences over that of other races? Armenian inspiration assuredly laid its stamp upon Turkish architecture following upon the conquest of the country by the Seljoukis in the eleventh century and in its most obvious form by a comparison of the Seljouk "türbe" or tomb with the contemporary type of Armenian church. It is even whispered that the great Sinan, designer of the sumptuous Suleyminye mosque of Constantinople, was of Armenian birth!

Heaven forbid that I should dwell at length on the notorious controversy as to whether Armenian architecture influenced that of Byzantium or the reverse! I would, however, submit that traditionally the Armenian (Apostolic) Church was founded long before that of Orthodoxy, towards which it ever remained bitterly opposed since its secession in 491 from the findings of the Council of Chalcedon held in the year 451.

Furthermore, Armenian ecclesiastical art is sharply distinguishable by the extreme rarity of the narthex, by the austerity of its style and by its aversion to the use of religious images.

To Gothic architecture, that noble creation of the Middle Ages, Armenian art may lay claim to a definite contribution. The slender columns observed supporting the pointed arches flanking the façades of the monastic church of Haghpad (contrasting with the Byzantine pillars upholding the cupola) may be cited; yet this graceful temple dates from the tenth century, whilst strong evidence is forthcoming in the design of the early eleventh-century cathedral of Ani. It cannot be disputed that this period witnessed the Romanesque style in the west, since it was only in the thirteenth century that the glories of Gothic art first graced the cathedrals of southern Europe.

IN PARIS DURING CRISIS DAYS LAST WEEK

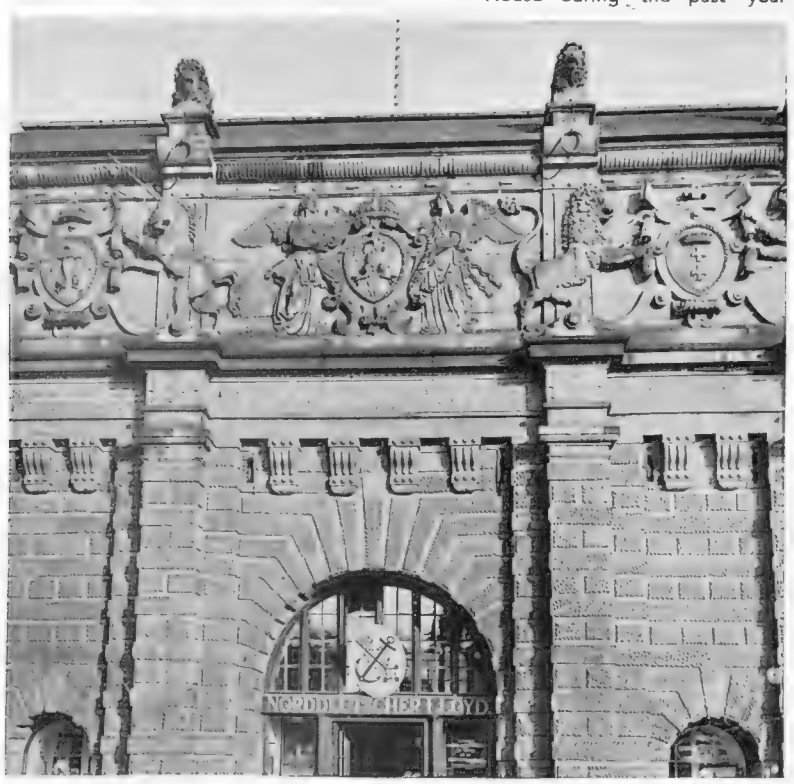
A SURE SIGN OF CRITICAL TIMES: Standing in the open street, Parisians read the latest news of the international situation

" RAPPEL IMMEDIAT "

French troops reading the posters calling up certain classes of reservists which placed France with 1,600,000 troops under arms. Following the recall to the colours of reservists whose mobilisation papers bear the numbers 3 and 4, reservists whose mobilisation number is 2 were called up last week. The men are almost exclusively those belonging to the " Troupes de Couverture," who form the first line of defence, and who would also constitute a striking force in case of need. The Government was prepared for general mobilisation if necessary, but the day and hour depended on the advice of the General Staff. All citizens who were not urgently required in the capital were advised to avail themselves of the arrangements completed for evacuation

MEAGRE VEGETABLE DISPLAY: A stall in Austria, where there is much shortage of foodstuffs

POLISH EAGLE VANISHES: It has been removed from the door of the Danzig Senate House during the past year



EVIDENCE OF OLD POLISH DAYS: The Polish eagle in carved relief with the arms of Danzig still stands in the old port

SCENES from AUSTRIA and DANZIG

IN AUSTRIA TO-DAY

Where the Swastika Sticks on the Landscape Like a Label

AUSTRIA, August, 1939.

IN this country the swastika must find a hard entry, but it is there, like a new price ticket stuck on some old work of art. At the tops of the tall maypoles standing in the villages at this time of the year; painted on the sides of the lake steamers, each rowing boat even flies a red swastika flag. On the fronts of houses, in shop windows, and on many cars, too, it is everywhere in fact. A brilliant piece of advertising, compelling the population to become swastika-minded whether they want to or not. Even the yachting clubs, strongholds of the "old regime," must now be run by Nazis. A new president, a party man, has been elected, but the former one was asked to stand by and much of the running of it remains in his hands. So it is with everything the Nazis have taken over; the Austrian must stay on, unwillingly, and provide a backbone to the appropriated business under a flag for which he can feel but little sympathy.

Every cottage must have its photograph of Hitler—it must. The tenants can only shrug their shoulders. Not many wear the swastika brooch, and although "Heil Hitler!" is the usual greeting, "Gruss Gott" is still used by the older peasants. There can be little real understanding between these people and the hordes of Germans who now invade their land in huge charabancs. "K.D.F." is what they are called, or "Strength Through Pleasure"—the pleasure being visits to the countryside which is now their own. Their whole outlook on life is different from that of the Austrian, they are mentally a different race of people. Their languages may be the same, but the German has a harder tone without inflexion or rhythm. And they will wear artificial leather shorts!

Over the labour camps the swastika banners are flying. Here the boys come straight from school for six months before going on to two years' military service; so it is some time before they can go to college or take up any trade. In camp they wear khaki uniform with the usual red swastika armlets. They march to their road-making at six in the morning, spades over their shoulders, and singing or shouting some song at the tops of their voices. The goose-step is not forgotten either. One mid-summer evening they had a demonstration round a huge bonfire. The talk by the camp leader was as serious as a sermon, the youths standing at attention throughout, the red banners flying above their heads. At the end, even spectators are compelled to make the salute. It doesn't pay to be conspicuous, even in small villages.

Girls, too, are forced to work on the land for a year when they leave school. There were two working on the farm nearby, one of them quite unfitted for manual labour, the other a strong peasant girl. The farmer is compelled to take these girls and pay them £1 a month, feed and house them. This, of course, can only be done on the big estates. Even the older men are forced into some manual work, no matter what their position. The minister for —— must leave his bureau so many hours a week and go and help with the demolition of old (and some historical) houses, and do his share of bricklaying. Mothers, too, must do their bit by producing larger families. Some are forced into domestic service if their children are of an age to be left at the special crêches provided for them. Hours of work are so much longer; how long can a people stand this intensive campaign, this lack of freedom, lack of free thought and speech, this swastika one cannot get away from? It may suit the German temperament but not that of the countries they have imposed themselves upon.

As for food, there is a shortage of all imported fruits. Oranges are actually sold by weight and then they are not worth eating. It is also very hard to get coffee and tea. I was surprised at the scarcity and poverty of fruit and vegetables sold in the markets in some districts; but the dairy produce is good and so is the bread. Much of their butter and coffee is taken from them and sold in Germany in red wrappers, labelled, "From the surplus of Austria."

The currency has little or no value outside the country and has no backing inside. But there is a quick turnover of money and it is accepted with faith within the land itself.

Vienna, too, has changed. There is a scarcity of food there, but, of course, not serious. The big shops have gone with the expulsion of the Jews. Internationalism, one of the charms of Vienna, is now no longer possible. Culture is threatened, and many sigh for the old days. As for the Jews, there are not many left; and if you value your position as far as work is concerned, it is not wise to have them in the house. In several Austrian villages a board is put up—"No Jews wanted here." On some of the pensions, too, you see a notice, "Aryans only." But there is not much of this sort of thing.

It is the heart of the older Austrian that is literally broken; those that knew Austria before the war. For them it is very hard. They have lost their wealth, their country has been violated, and they are in no position to do anything but give in. It is impossible to leave the country as no money can be taken out. The nobility, now without their wealth, turn their charming places into pensions if they are not already sold. They themselves work hard, at anything; but the economic situation is presenting a serious problem now that no visitors are going into Austria; it means, too, the loss of many friends.

Amongst the younger ones a round of hectic gaiety hides their feelings of insecurity and unrest. Austria can feel, talk and do nothing except that which she is told. It is difficult to start a new life. Acceptance is the only way; and to voice an adverse opinion means the concentration camp. One of these unfortunates has just returned after months of it; his wife waiting from day to day, never knowing when he would return; if ever.

I have visited private families. They live in a state of high nervous tension. They will shut the windows that the occupier above may not hear, and talk politics by the hour. Everyone talks politics; it is at least a safety valve. To be too outspoken in public, though, means the risk of losing a job, or worse; there are ears everywhere, and eyes too.

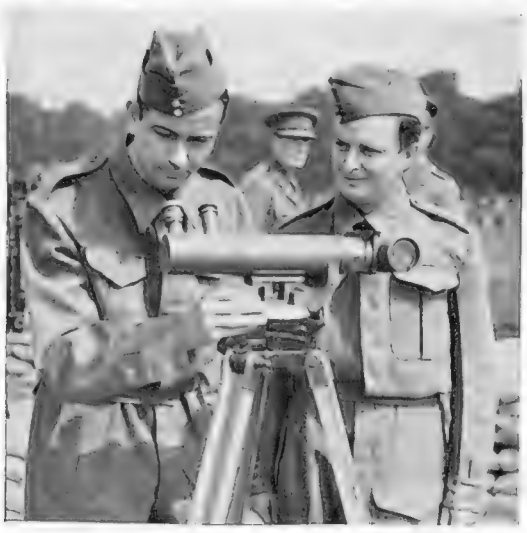
In Austria all genuinely wish to be on friendly terms with the English and express surprise at her defence against possible attack from Germany. Their attitude and that of the younger ones, too, makes one wish that something could be done to remain on peaceful terms with these people. Their "mouthpiece" does not represent the feeling and temper of the whole nation.

It is the Prussian spirit in some that one finds so disgusting. I felt that they deserve to have so little territory and still less sympathy. Touching this question of colonies, there are posters everywhere of Africa behind bars, and lectures in the villages on colonial life. There are special flag days too, small glass discs of coloured flowers are sold in aid of colonisation. . . . I asked one young airman who had just returned from Africa how he liked the natives. He showed no interest or sympathy whatever, merely a cold dislike.

Always I insist that England wants peace, and I must say everyone I meet would gladly be on friendly terms with us; except the type likely to be influenced by party newspapers. And—everyone likes our Mr. Chamberlain. He is trusted and respected out here. Our attempted pact with Russia shocked many; Communism is still a very real bogy on the Continent.

I shall be sorry to leave this Austria, in spite of the feeling of tension that the swastika gives; a constant and ever present symbol of an imposed order. It is not only a pleasant and beautiful land, but still possesses the glories of its past in its architecture, art and music. A land to which I hope to return one day.

Men of a battalion of the Royal Artillery have a meal beside one of the guns, and by all outward sign, good digestion waits on appetite



WITH THE ARMY

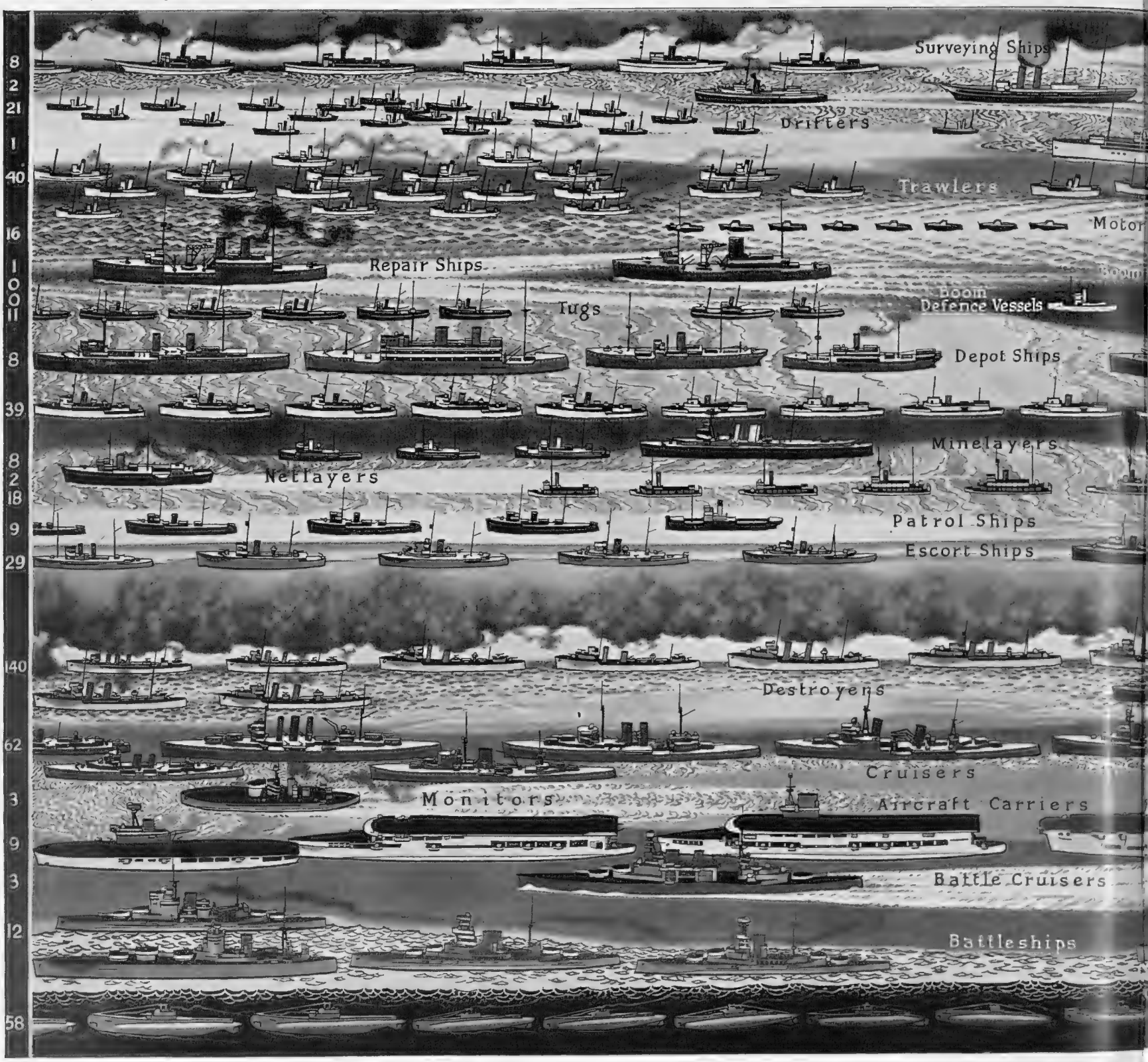
In Training and on Manœuvres

Left—The H.A.C. in training for air defence; two directors of large commercial firms man a height-finder

Right—While a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment practises camouflaging a wireless operator reports to headquarters from a light gun section

THE BRITISH NAVY IN BEING AND UNDER

Vessels to Left Show Warships in Service (All Ships Shown to Scale)



Total in Being, **590**

Vessels of the British Fleet in Service (on left), and Vessels Under Construction

The above diagram has been drawn to show the proportion of naval vessels in service to those under construction (the latter may be just laid down or nearly completed. They are all in some stage of construction). The various warships are shown by vessels typical of their class. The vessels to the left are those in service. They are shown in detail, whereas only a general impression of the silhouette is given in the case of vessels under construction. To take a specimen case—the bottom row indicates the proportion of submarines in service to those under construction.

*8	**Surveying Ships**	**3**—Endeavour, Herald, Flinders, Challenger, Stork, (Franklin), Research.
2	**Yachts**	**1**—Enchantress, Victoria & Albert, (——).
21	**Drifters**	**1**—
1	**Hospital Ships**	**1**—Maine, (——).
†40	**Trawlers**	**124**—Top line Dee class, 2nd line Tree class, 3rd Gem class, 4th Mersey class (520 tons boats). 87 purchased; 20 ordered, August.
16	**Motor Torpedo Boats**	**25**—15 and 22 tons classes, 18, 22 and 32 tons classes.
1	**Repair Ships**	**1**—Resource, (Unicorn).
0	**Boom Working Ships**	**11**—(Planet), and (Net class).
†0	**Boom Defence Ships**	**29**—(Barbarian), and (Bar class). 10 ordered, August.
11	**Tugs**	**4**—Brigand, Rollcall class, Saint class, Marauder, (Wave).
8	**Depot ships**	**5**—Woolwich, Medway, Greenwich, Titania, (Tyne), (Firth).
†39	**Minesweepers**	**24**—Halcyon class, Aberdare class, M.M.S. class (motor), Speedy class, M.M.S. class. 10 ordered, August.
8	**Minelayers**	**9**—Melpomene, Minerva, Plover, Adventure, (Abdiel), (Latona), (Linnet), (Redstar), (M.I.).
2	**Netlayers**	**0**—Guardian.
18	**Gunboats**	**5**—Robin, Falcon, Sandpiper, Seamew, Gannet, Gnat, Bee, (Scorpion), (Dragonfly).
†9	**Patrol Ships**	**30**—Kingfisher class, P.C. 74, (Guillemot), Widgeon. 26 ordered, August.

* *The figures to the left indicate "in service": the figures to the right, "under construction." The names are of vessels indicating a type. When in parentheses, are ordered.* † *Figures on right have been altered to include vessels ordered during August.*

CONSTRUCTION: Special "Sphere" Diagram

Vessels to Right Indicate Ships Under Construction: They are Shown in Low Tone Outlines

Drawn by Clatworthy

on Right (Outlines)

The total of 58 is represented by 81 vessels against 3, representing 21 under construction. The reader will obtain a visual impression of the comparative state of any arm of the navy by comparing the bulk of the vessels shown to left and right. Totals to left and right

Total Under Construction, **247**

29	**Escort Ships**	**24**—Flower class, Bridgewater, Grimsby, Fleetwood, Bittern, (Black Swan), Egret.
140	**Destroyers**	**42**—R class, S class, V class, W class, A class, Inglefield, Keith, Codrington, Broke and E class. Below—Tribal class, Javelin.
62	**Cruisers**	**25**—Coventry, Dorsetshire, Leander, Exeter, Southampton, Emerald, Amphion, (Edinburgh), (Fiji), (Dido).
3	**Monitors**	**0**—Erebus.
9	**Aircraft-Carriers**	**6**—Hermes, Furious, Courageous, Ark Royal class, 22,000 tons, (Illustrious class, 23,000 tons).
3	**Battle-Cruisers**	**0**—Repulse.
12	**Battleships**	**9**—Queen Elizabeth (above), Nelson, Barham, Royal Sovereign, King George V class, 35,000 tons, 14-in. guns, (Lion class, 40,000 tons, 16-in. guns).
58	**Submarines**	**21**—Thanes, Triton, Rainbow, Parthian, Oberon, L class, H class, Swordfish, (Cachalot), (Taku), (Undine).

ONE OF OUR BATTLE-CRUISERS: A picture taken on board H.M.S. *Repulse* at the moment when a torpedo was being fired. The *Repulse* figures on the accompanying diagram on the third row from the bottom

DESTROYERS IN A CHOPPY SEA: A division of destroyers carrying out exercises; H.M.S. *Encounter* in forefront of picture. The figures for destroyers are 140–42

A FAMOUS BATTLESHIP: The *Nelson* is here seen silhouetted against a gleaming sea. She is shown in the second line from the bottom of adjacent diagram. The figures for battleships are 12-9

WEDDING OF AN EXILE'S SON: Gustavo Calles, the son of the former Mexican President, Plutarco Calles, pictured as he wed Senorita Gabriela Pelas de la Vega in Mexico City

WEST POINTERS IN A.A. DRILL: U.S. cadet gunners firing at a fleet of imaginary aerial invaders during drill at Fort Hancock, New Jersey, where West Point cadets are being familiarised in all phases of coast defence work

MEXICO FINDS GOLD RICHLY

IT is a curious fact that, at the nadir of its dark night of the soul, modern Mexico has discovered what Cortez was looking for—gold.

The goldfield, mostly a placer field, is situated about 12 miles from the one-time sleepy town of Magdalena, in the state of Sonora. Magdalena is no longer a sleepy town. To-day it is the off-take or the springboard to the goldfield, a boom town, with its own special characteristics.

The strike near Magdalena has proved to be so rich that old-time prospectors have compared it with the discovery of gold in California, which started the immortal gold-rush of 1849, or with the discovery of gold in the Klondyke, which caused so much controversy between Britain and the United States.

What the possible value of the field is cannot now be estimated. It is being worked exclusively by Mexicans and Indians, and no others need apply. This does not mean merely that Americans are not allowed to stake a claim. It means that they are not wanted on the scene. The hostility is so vigorous as to make it inadvisable even for an American newspaper man to stay on the site long enough to drink a glass of beer, much less to get a story.

The method of mining is utterly primitive, which means that much gold is being lost which may be reclaimed later if any rationality ever prevails. Meanwhile, the workers are drunk with two strong stimulants, mescal and gold.

Pits have been sunk to the depth of 74 ft., and one man is lowered with one bucket. The one man fills the one bucket with gravel. The bucketful of gravel is lifted by hand, and the gold is panned. There is one electric generator—a small one—that furnishes all of the light and power that there is in the community. Men pan gold in the middle of the road, if you can call it a road; and any vehicle seeking to pass that way must wait until the gold-panners have the time to move the equipment out of the way.

The road from Magdalena to Mesquite is one of the worst that the world has ever seen. Old-timers claim that the old roads in Texas' Big Bend country twenty-five years ago were better than the road from Magdalena to Mesquite. In any case, it is perilous. Men have been found dead with their cars in the creek bed that winds through the canyon; and the truth of the matter is that it is more of a canyon than a road. Walled by precipitous cliffs, it presents every possible difficulty. In the rainy season it is impassable, because it becomes a raging torrent.

At the least, one round trip from Magdalena to Mesquite is sufficient completely to destroy the tyres on any car; and many a man has been forced to abandon his car on the road and wait for help.

The town itself is a marvel of the past. It is not a marvel of the past for Mexico, because Mexico still lives in the past; but it is a marvel of the past for the rest of the world. The "houses," if that is what they are, are built mainly of octilla ribs and mesquite, plus the ever-present petates (or matting), brought in from the outside.

The restaurants are so small that there is no room inside them except for the pantry and the kitchen. Customers eat in the open, being served from an outdoor counter that has long since been common in the United States to humble places that serve nothing but "hamburgers" and "hot dogs."

The trek from Magdalena to Mesquite is pageantry. They are going by "buses," rickety affairs capable of carrying as many as fourteen people, if they survive the trip. They are going on burros, travelling perhaps "an inch an hour," provided that the burros agree to move at all. They are going in trucks, which is perhaps the best means of locomotion. And they are going on foot. The old days are back, and what will come from them, one wonders.

In two or three months, the town of Mesquite has grown from a village of 20 to a town of 5,000. It is still growing. For all of its crudeness, it affords one luxury, ice, which is curious, because the typical Mexican will not drink chilled, or iced, water. He drinks it commonly at whatever temperature it comes from the hydrant or the well or the spring. He is wise in this respect, because iced water in this climate can be dangerous. But the remote and inaccessible village of Mesquite is using ice, mainly for its beer.

Strangely enough, beer and food are still obtainable at normal prices. Water, however, is a different matter. There is one man in the village who has the only well in town. He has not troubled to stake a claim or to work in one. His gold is water, and it is reported that he is becoming fabulously wealthy. He sells his water in 50-gallon casks. What would happen to the gold-rush in Mesquite if his well went dry is somewhat less than problematic.

The 5,000 miners' cabins line the road which strays through the canyon in which the gold has been found. Along this stretch vagrant musicians are common. The ladies of the evening have already found their way thither. The one barber in town has a single chair under a mesquite tree in the open air. He does not dare shave a "gringo," because there are too many people in town who hate Americans. But he has more business than he can handle.

The only "law" in the place is supplied by two soldiers furnished by the Mexican Government, so you can imagine how safe or unsafe it is, particularly since most of the population is drunk with mescal, a dreadful potion, and all of it is drunk with gold.

The important question, of course, is what will become of the gold as it is mined?

Will the private prospector be allowed to keep his earnings?

Cardenas needs money. In the face of the new American policy, Mexican silver is worth little or nothing. The country is facing bankruptcy. Will Cardenas expropriate the gold, or at least most of it? It seems probable. And, if so, what will he do with it? And, still more, if so, what can he do with it?

Nelson Springer

U.S.A. forms a WAR DEFENCE COUNCIL

IT is not without its significance that the United States has taken an unprecedented step in preparing for war by creating a national War Resources Board.

The government has been careful to insist that this measure represents a general policy, and does not refer to any immediately contemplated emergency.

At the same time, the fact that the board has been created indicates a present apprehensiveness. Combined with the enlargement of Fort Bliss on the Mexican border at El Paso, the repudiation of the treaty with Japan, and the reliable information that the United States does not know what to expect in Europe, it implies a state of affairs that may not be critical, but that are nevertheless the adequate ground for concern.

Appointed to the board, without any apparent reference to partisan affiliation, are some of the most important men in the United States. They include: Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., chairman of the United States Steel Corporation; Karl T. Compton, president, Massachusetts Institute of Technology (the country's greatest engineering school); Walter S. Gifford, president, American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the company is among the foremost in engineering research); Harold G. Moulton, president, the Brookings Institution (this organisation, devoted to economic research, is a primary foe of President Roosevelt and the New Deal, but has a record for scientific ability); John Lee Pratt, a director of General Motors; and Robert E. Wood, chairman of the board, Sears Roebuck, one of the greatest mail order concerns in the country, and the first mail order concern in history.

The principal function of the board is designated as the swift mobilisation of all of the country's resources in the event of war. The board is so constituted that, in the event of war, it shall become immediately an executive agency of the Federal Government with broad powers over the nation's commerce and industry. Notable is the fact that none but a civilian has been appointed to the board. It is related to the army and navy in an advisory capacity. Stettinius is to serve as the board's chairman. Without being a member of the board, Colonel Henry S. Rutherford, will be its secretary. Army and navy authorities have compared its duties to those of the War Industries Board during the world war.

Curiously enough, this overt step of creating a War Resources Board has been taken when the United States is without either a Permanent Secretary of War or a Permanent Secretary of the Navy. The formation of the board has been sponsored by two acting secretaries, Charles Edison for the navy and Louis Johnson for the army. After long conference both Johnson and Edison joined in stating that they favoured the creation of the board because they believe in "preparing for things before they happen." This is probably the most sinister public utterance in recent months. It will be observed that there is no question in the minds of these gentlemen as to whether certain things are going to happen. Obviously, they don't know when. But they have no doubt but that they will.

The civilian personnel of the new board should be stressed in considering the state of mind of the United States. It is quite possible that, in the United States, as well as in Britain, there is no great corporation that wants war. The old idea that there is money to be made out of war has faded. High and low, rich and poor, in the United States, as in Britain, have learned that there is no profit in war.

At the same time, the United States is fairly well convinced that it is going to be forced to fight for democracy and for the free institutions of democracy. A large part of the world sneered at Woodrow Wilson, when he declared that his country was fighting "to make the world safe for democracy." Wilson's ideas appeared to have been considerably bigger than he was, and they caused him a great deal of trouble. They probably cost him his life. But to-day it is clear that the struggle between autocracy and democracy is going to be a death struggle. *The question has been raised as to whether the law-abiding citizens of free countries like Britain and the United States may continue to go about their own business without let or hindrance, or whether the whole world is going to be subjected to the terrors of espionage and the humiliations of servility.*

Perhaps the primary significance of the creation of the War Resources Board is that the United States will fight if necessary. That alone should change the international picture.

EUROPEAN KALEIDOSCOPE:

Pictures from Brussels, Bucharest, Versailles and Zoppot

BELGIUM'S APPEAL FOR PEACE: When the representatives of the seven nations comprising the "Oslo Powers" met in Brussels last week King Leopold made a stirring appeal for peace. Above, from left to right, are: M. Bech (Luxembourg), M. Pierlot (Belgium), M. Richard Sandler (Sweden), M. Koht (Norway), M. Munch (Denmark), M. Erkko (Finland), and M. Van Kleffens (Holland)

REMINDERS OF THE LAST CONFLICT: A group of English and American visitors in Carol Park, Bucharest, inspecting the German guns captured during the world war

NEWSREEL LINE-UP: Ex-King Zog of Albania with his sisters and Queen Geraldine pose on the steps of the Chateau de la Maze while on a visit to Versailles

GERMAN LAWYERS AT PLAY IN THE CASINO AT ZOPPOT: *Above* and *on right* are seen the German lawyers, over 200 of them, who are to set forth Germany's legal case regarding Danzig, relaxing in the evening in the public gaming rooms

PARIS CARRIES ON DU

New Pictures From the French Capita

MONTMARTRE TO BE UNDER SHADED LIGHTS

Madame C——, accompanied by her husband and sister-in-law, arrive at the cabaret "Le Caveau Caucasien," which is kept by White Russians. *Below* is Jean Duranton, the greengrocer, one of the characters of Montmartre, who sets out his fruit and vegetables as usual

THE NEWS FROM THE AIR

Before enjoying a quiet supper behind the shop one switches on for a brief spell of news — lengthy pronouncements from across the frontier no longer interest

LUNCH-TIME IN PARIS

M. ——, insurance collector, seated for lunch a few days

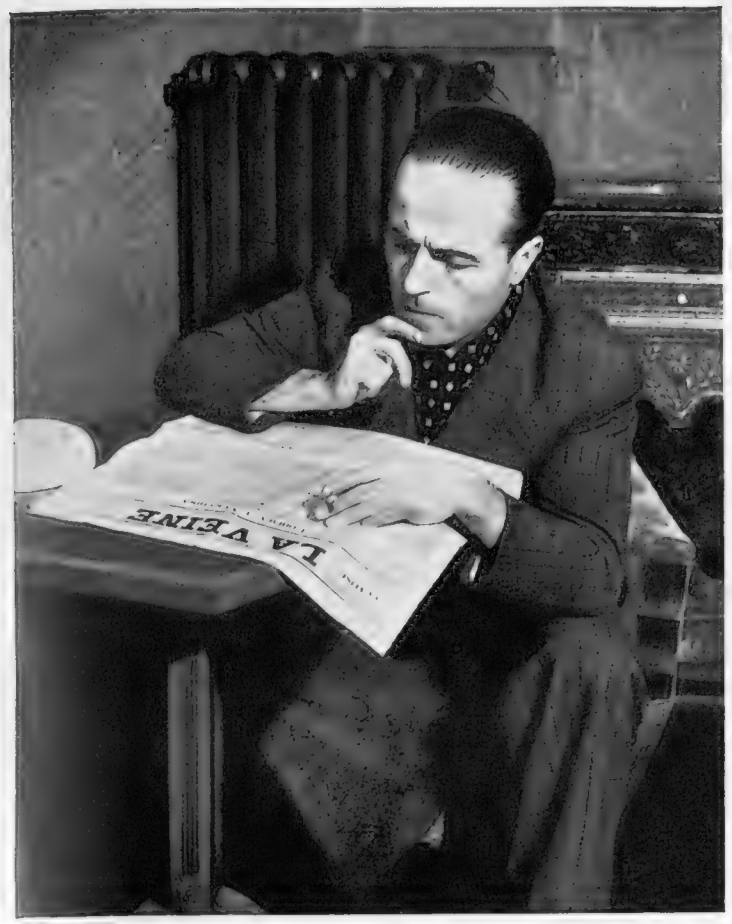
PARIS has her carefully thought-out evacuation schemes, but there will be many who will carry on the life of the great capital. For them the vast underground shelters are available, as Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy pointed out in his article describing Paris to-day, which appeared in last week's SPHERE.

Many of the banks, he further writes, such as the Banque de France, have arranged to carry on in skeleton fashion, deeply below surface. The famous gold reserve, now the record of 97 billion francs, would be spread round the country. Business houses are not to any extent arranging moves to the outer radius.

The great Central Markets — something of Billingsgate, Smithfield and Covent Garden combined — with their immense traffic will perforce

URING A CRISIS WEEK

al Specially Taken For "The Sphere"



THE COMMISSIONAIRE OF "LE GRAND JEU"

Although he is only just up, must study racing form in the sporting paper, *La Veine*. Life carries on

"PSCH— WHAT NEXT?"

The Parisian has made up his mind, but it is necessary to glance through the papers and then on with one's work like the folk passing old M. —— as he reads the latest in the Paris *Soir*. *Below*—This, the nineteen-year-old sales girl, is back from work; she rents a room with tiny kitchenette

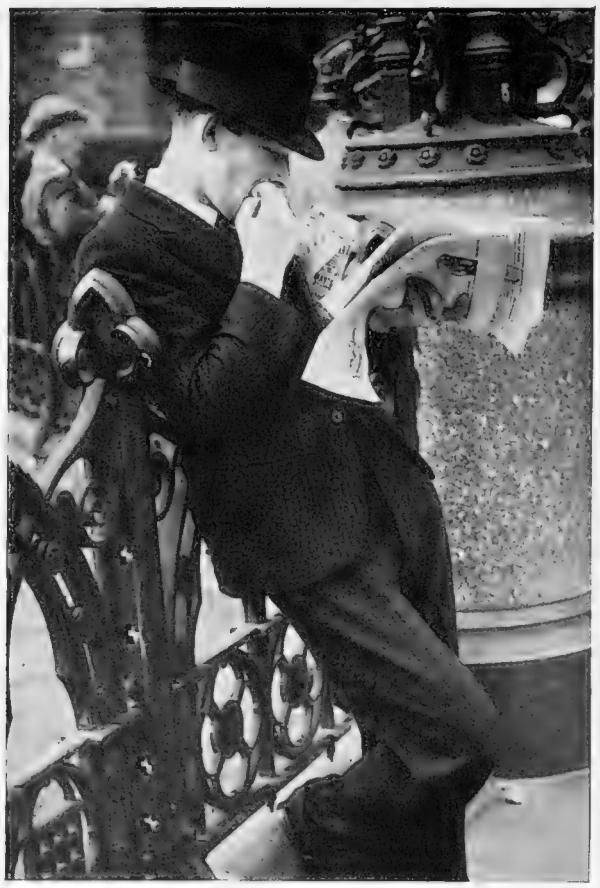
or, with his wife, sister, and brother-in-law, who works at the local town hall, ays ago. The red wine and the bottle of Evian, of course, figure on the table

carry on. Many times has decentralisation been advocated, but there the whole vast lot remains bunched up—to feed a reduced population.

As for the night, night life would not cease, but be perpetuated—yet another chapter—in a city of blue-shaded lighting.

There is just one person one finds it difficult to picture, and that is the Parisian who, electing or having to stay in the capital, follows faithfully the ideal family shelter, as this is on view at a show villa out at Colombes. Here is the right weight in sandbags for fighting the effects of incendiary bombs; here is a gas-proof room; here are gas-masks carefully sealed away, freshly changed water, full particulars of exactly what to do in a raid, as set forth in a *carnet d'alerte* that may not be perused until the State gives the word; a shovel, and sand . . .

WHITEHALL DURING THE CR



A SNAPSHOT IN WHITEHALL on Thursday afternoon, August 24, when the district was thronged

THE CROWD AT WESTMINSTER ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, AS THE COMMONS MET TO PASS THE EMERGENCY BILL:

OUR FOREIGN MINISTER visits the Premier. *Below*—Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary (on left), walking to Downing Street

SIR ROBERT VANSITTART, chief diplomatic adviser to the Cabinet, at Downing Street

SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, Inspector-General of Overseas Forces, leaving a War Office conference

MR. WALTER ELLIOT, Minister of Health, snapped in Whitehall while reading the news

MR. CHAMBERLAIN in the House of Commons, August 24. "We want to see established an international order based upon mutual understanding and mutual confidence, and we cannot build such an order unless it conforms to certain principles which are essential to the establishment of confidence and trust. (Hear, hear.) Those principles must include the observance of international undertakings when they have once been entered into, and the renunciation of force in settlement of differences. It is because those principles, to which we attach such vital importance, seem to us to be in jeopardy that we have undertaken these tremendous and unprecedented responsibilities.

"If, despite all our efforts to find the way of peace, we find ourselves forced to embark upon a struggle which is bound to be fraught with suffering and misery, we shall not be fighting for the political future of a far away city in a foreign land; we shall be fighting for the preservation of those principles of which I have spoken, the destruction of which would involve the destruction of all possibility of peace and security for the peoples of the world."

ITICAL DAYS OF LAST WEEK

The crowd was quite orderly, but showed its emotion at times by surges towards Downing Street and the Parliament Square gates. The police had to exercise some pressure to keep the ways clear

VISCOUNT GORT, Chief of Imperial General Staff, arrives at the War Office for conference

MAJOR-GENERAL IAN BEITH, Public Relations Officer, arrives at the War Office (with umbrella)

LORD CHATFIELD, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, going to Downing Street last week

LORD HALIFAX'S broadcast during the evening of August 24: "May I state quite simply what I believe to be the British point of view? Some little time ago, it was my duty to state the twin foundations of purpose on which British policy rests. The first is a determination to resist force because we have learnt how destructive it is to any sense of security. The second is the desire, which is felt the world over, to get on with the constructive work of building peace.

"And these are the things, nothing less, which if trouble comes we are concerned to defend. There are some who say that the fate of European nations is no concern of ours, and that we should not look far beyond our own frontiers. But surely they forget that in failing to uphold the liberties of others we run great risk of betraying the principle of liberty itself and with it our own freedom and independence.

"We have built up a society with values accepted not only in this country but in many other parts of the world. If we stand idly by and see these values set at naught, the security of all those things on which life itself depends is undermined."

POISED DANGEROUSLY to get a glimpse of the men who are in control of the destinies of the nation

MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD AND MAJOR ATTLEE on their way to Westminster. *Below*—Lord Stanhope, First Lord, on right, with Earl of Cork and Orrery, C.-in-C., Portsmouth

THE LONDON CLUB—How long?

An Excursion into Clubland's Secretarial Offices Reveals Many Secrets Hidden Behind Stately Doors

ST. JAMES'S STREET: The gateway to clubland's greatest stronghold

By NOEL THOMPSON

YET again I read of a great London social club appealing for new members and support in order to keep going. In pre-war days that would have been so undignified as to be an impossibility. The members would have been horrified at the bare mention of such publicity, and would have risen in their wrath. But times have changed and 1939 sees such a revolution that almost every club welcomes any publicity likely to bring new members. Too many famous clubs have closed their doors for the last time within the past fifteen years.

Listen to what the secretary of one well-known club in Piccadilly told me as we sat in his office on the third floor discussing the position: "I do not think that more than one in four of the existing clubs are paying their way, and that includes all the famous names. We are all resorting to desperate methods to get new members. *In fact in ten years' time, even without a war, I doubt whether there will be more than ten big clubs remaining in the West End. An old member who dies nowadays is not replaced.*" A gloomy view? Yes. But as I made a tour of systematic inquiry I began to realise what he had in mind, and the danger of its truth.

First, I must emphasise that the information given me was to a large extent confidential; by that I mean, "no names, no pack drill." To mention the successful clubs, although in every list given me eight out of ten coincided, would be to make a damaging and invidious comparison. To compare balance sheets which were shown me would be even more unfair, because it is every club for itself, and the receiver take the hindmost.

"In our heyday it used to be an honour to belong to this club," said one secretary. "Now the young men join as though they are conferring an honour by paying a subscription"—and that is true, since not more than four or five clubs have a waiting list, and only two have one of any length. Eighty per cent., in order to attract members and therefore add to their yearly revenue, have taken off the entrance fee.

In the last century every man had his West End club, and probably two or three. It was an adjunct of which he was proud. If he belonged to half a dozen, so much the better. The club was an institution, sacred from woman, a social asset. In those days the mixed two guineas a year clubs, of which more later, had not been thought of. The clubman demanded discretionary service, perfect food, prices which no restaurant could compete with, the association of his particular friends, and every comfort. After all, he paid his subscription didn't he, damn it, sir?

And the trouble is, despite the changed world, the West End clubman still demands the same services. I have been working out an average subscription for the larger clubs. It comes to about 14 guineas a year. Now let us look at the finance side from the angle of the rapidly greying haired secretary and committee.

Secretary No. 3 on my interview list lit a cigarette, and said, "Look at it this way. There is not a club which can carry on successfully with a turnover of less than £25,000 a year. Say there are 1,000 members paying 12 guineas a year, and you have about half that sum. Then you have meals. Well, you have to cater for the maximum average number of members every day, and dare not be short of any delicacy. It may rain, and members stay away, or it may be fine, and members go away, or it may be glorious hunting weather, and none are in town, or it may be a test match, and they miss luncheon. There are a hundred different reasons why you may guess numbers wrong. That probably means a waste in fish and fruit especially. Of course, the bar suffers at the same time, and the bar does make a profit. Whichever way you look at it, the secretary is usually wrong."

It must be remembered that for a very floating population there must always be a double staff, hall porters, pages, chambermaids, kitchen staff, waiters, telephonists, to cover the long hours. The members expect this, and expect far more, that they shall be really efficient, which means that they have to be paid good wages.

One club secretary told me that he has a staff of 72 permanently, which means that he is supplying around 1,400 free meals a week, or 73,000 a year. Another famous club, with a membership of less than 700, and serving between 10 and 60 meals a day, has a staff of 42 which it is impossible to reduce.

It looks as though I am making out a case against the too-demandful member, and perhaps I am. I only know that next time I enter my club I shall do so with a greater understanding.

Almost every club has its billiards room, and a marker, or markers, have to be in readiness—and possibly eating their heads off a lot of the time. The same applies to the squash racquets professional. In the summer months he must be kept on, also the staff who look after the card rooms, which in some clubs provide a small revenue and in others none at all, or rather incur a loss. At club No. 5, which has royal patronage and membership, the rent ran well into four figures. "We just pay our way by charging very high prices," a director explained to me, and since the club has a long record, this method seems to pay.

I doubt whether many clubs have so few members, but this one draws on a particular class of sportsmen, Army, Navy, celebrities, and has an influential committee. It remains one of the dozen to which it is an honour to belong.

Luncheon will cost as much as at the Savoy or any other first-class hotel and restaurant. Drinks will probably be even more expensive. The subscription is more than double that of many clubs, and the members can afford it. Is that the solution to the clubs' problems? That men will pay for an exclusive name, exclusive service, and exclusive fellowship? If that is so, the class from which such members come is decreasing, and that means fewer clubs of that type.

An alternative is the club that provides entrance to golf clubs, dormy houses, swimming pools, squash courts, cards, billiards, everything that a first-class hotel could provide and far more, with a vast membership, the majority of whom do not know each other, but simply appreciate the facilities. Is that the solution? There are clubs tending that way.

London clubs, or rather British clubs, for this applies in a lesser degree in the provinces, are institutions. In France, clubs are rare, and not looked upon in the same way, and that applies to all the rest of the Continent.

Secretary No. 6 takes up the tale. "I am afraid that the club habit is dying," he said in the pessimistic tone of several others. "You see, in France people meet in their cafés, which become their clubs, and the habit is spreading here. I refer to the small clubs with subscriptions of one or two guineas a year. We have tried opening women's sections but naturally they are in a separate part of the building. These small clubs mix their sexes. We have done our best with modernised furnishing and cocktail bars, but the women still find them dull and quiet. Now the guinea clubs have fruit machines, a stand-up bar, possibly a tape machine for racing results, and an agent from a bookmaking firm in attendance, a radio gramophone—in fact, what the younger generation seems to want. We do not compete."

And that seems to be the general complaint about the rivalry of the small clubs. In the West End alone more than 500 have been registered in the last eight years; and you can belong to ten for the price of one famous club. This sounds gloomy. I approached a house committee member of another club and asked his view. "The apathy of the members is the main fault. They just like to think of the old club as something that is always there to fall back on, and are amazed (and complain) when they find that there is such a sordid subject as finance. Yet they recently raised £8,000 in record time when they discovered that they had to. And brought in new members and started to spend money here. But that crisis being passed they are already slipping away again forgetfully. When the older men die the club will be sunk."

The dozen remaining clubs blossom like the green bay tree through some secret of their own. Other clubs, with equally famous names and just as representative of tradition, would give the world to know this secret of success. Gambling on cards at clubs has dropped enormously. The drinking of wine shows an enormous decline. Secretaries would like to know the secret of the successful clubs so that they can migrate from the danger of being permanently "in the red."

PICCADILLY: Clubland extends beyond the confines of St. James's into the broad thoroughfare of Piccadilly

"COUNTESS CHINCHON": AN UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE BY GOYA

Among the World-Famous Pictures from the Prado at the Geneva Exhibition

At Geneva, thousands flock every day to the exhibition of masterpieces from the Prado Museum. Even in the evening, when the museum is open from 8 p.m. till 10.30 p.m., the crowds are almost as great as during the daytime. At the time of writing, close on 250,000 people had already visited this wonderful show. The pictures are extremely well lit at night. Some can even be better viewed than during the day, such as the imposing portrait of Countess Chinchon, wife of the Prime Minister Godoy. Godoy was one of the outstanding figures in Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century. His life was a most adventurous one. He was the Queen's favourite and was honoured by the King with the unique and glorious title of Prince de la Paix. This remarkable portrait of his wife is the only painting from a private collection included in the exhibition. It is known to very few for it has only been exhibited once before and that was at the Goya Exhibition in Madrid a few years ago. This painting has never been reproduced so it now comes to the public as a revelation and further testimony to the genius of Goya. It is an exceptional example of his brilliant brushwork, not to mention his draughtsmanship. The delicate modelling and the contours round the face, the white silk dress and the hands are sketched with surprising freedom. This masterpiece is not dated but it is typical of his middle period and was probably executed about 1809. It will soon return to its proud owner with the Prado pictures going back to Spain

ART of the WEEK

"A DESERT SHEIK" *By Winifred Brunton*

There is a certain excitement and romance about Egypt that attracts the majority of us even in normal times, and Mrs. Winifred Brunton, who herself lives in Cairo, has succeeded in re-incarnating at least some of this elusive glamour of the past in her colourful miniatures and water-colour paintings of Egypt and Egyptians.

Mrs. Winifred Brunton, who has been a member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters for many years, recently held her ninth exhibition at the Arlington Galleries. The artist's work is particularly interesting in that her subjects are for the most part chosen from amongst the Arab and Egyptian people, and close proximity and familiarity with these types has helped her to catch the true spirit and atmosphere which suffuses these North African races.

The recent exhibition included a number of pleasing water-colour paintings—scenes of the open desert, and paintings of ancient temples—but it is amongst the delicately-painted portraits and miniatures that we find the artist at her best.

Mrs. Brunton has done some very fine painting for her own books on the kings and queens of Egypt—the clear brilliance of her colours in contrast to the swarthy skin tones is at once arresting, lifting the artistic extravagances of the Pharaohs from mythology to reality.

A FINE LELY IN NEW YORK : Mary Duchess of Beaufort and Elizabeth Countess of Carnarvon

Two important paintings by Peter Lely have just come into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, from amongst a selection of sixty-five objects bequeathed by the late Jacob Ruppert.

There are portraits of members of the Capel family—one a three-quarter likeness of Sir Henry Capel and the other a very lovely painting of Sir Henry's two sisters—Mary Duchess of Beaufort and Elizabeth Countess of Carnarvon.

Both these paintings, and particularly the latter, are typical examples of Peter Lely's work at its very best, the rich flowing folds of silks and satins against a deeper background showing up the clear soft skin tints of these two beautiful women—a quality for which the artist was justly famed. It is thought that the portraits were painted soon after 1660, and the informal arrangement of the hair and low-cut gowns are definitely in accordance with this supposition.

The World of Books

IN THE CONVENT of the MYSTIC ROSE

An Autobiographical Account of Life in a Swiss Nunnery—The Pleasurableness of Success Suffuses Marjorie Tiltman's Story—The Art of Dodging Work

By VERNON FANE

NOT every week's reading discloses a book that is purely, unequivocally funny, so that this, in one instance at least, must have been a lucky week, since it has introduced me to the work of Mr. Caryl Brahms and Mr. S. J. Simon, who have collaborated in producing a piece of very satisfactory nonsense, **THE ELEPHANT IS WHITE** (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.).

Everyone with a knowledge of post-war Paris will agree that it is mainly inhabited by White Russians. They drive the taxis, they run the restaurants and *boites de nuit*, they control, or at least decorate, the smartest dressmaking establishments, and they inspire the ballet. They are in influence to Paris what the English are to Switzerland. Whether this is a good thing or a bad thing may be discussed elsewhere. At any rate they exist, and there is the material for many books to be written round them. Mr. Brahms and Mr. Simon have composed their own little fantasy on the subject and I can assure you that its humour is well-timed.

A young Englishman, grudgingly admitted into the hotel business by his rich *hôtelier* father, comes to Paris for the opening of the Ritz-Plaza-Savoy, to which event he gives some languid attention until he is precipitated into the life of an association calling themselves the Elephants, and having their being in the back room of a Russian restaurant.

The main article of their belief is that work is degrading and that every kind of physical and mental effort should be reduced to its minimum. The restaurant itself is kept alive by letters sent out by one of their number, a Russian princess, who circularises likely "prospects," and promises them an evening of adventure with an unknown beauty. Every evening the place is patronised by lonely and increasingly peevish men who find themselves obliged to order an expensive dinner and Bollinger at a night club price.

Other Elephants have equally elaborate devices for keeping from actual starvation without the dishonour of a weekly pay check. One of them balances nightly on the parapet of a bridge and is pulled back from suicide by well-meaning passers-by. His income from this is quite satisfactory. Another is even more ingenious. He borrows from time to time an immensely long and opulent fur coat, wraps it over his underclothes and arrives at one of the best hotels for the night. In the morning he rings for the valet to return him the suit he had sent to be pressed. When, not surprisingly, the suit cannot be found, he demands compensation, and, since he can hardly leave the hotel unclothed, a suit of clothes from the manager's own wardrobe. "He is," say the others with some pride, "our best dressed Elephant."

Their schemes are endless and their optimism sublime, but their chief value is as comedians, and that, I should say, was the one respect in which they are completely efficient. Mr. Simon and Mr. Brahms are to be congratulated on their inventive powers and on the audacity by which they have proved the virtues of shiftlessness.

The writing collaboration of Mr. Arthur Pederson and Miss Rachel Field in **TO SEE OURSELVES** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is not as successful. They have written the story of a young American couple who go to Hollywood "on spec," because a college friend of theirs is doing well out there as a writer. They are an engaging, if not a particularly bright young couple, and I confess that my heart sank a little when I learned, on the first page, that they had sat through two complete showings of a film because "both preferred musicals to other pictures."

However, I rallied from that and pursued them in their Hollywood escapade, where work was non-existent, and the job of scenarist a distant Mecca. Young Hamilton Bosworth, Ham to us, was not unnaturally dejected and his wife's friendship with a famous actor did nothing to cheer him, yet it was this friendship that saved them and their bank balance.

When all their talents had been peddled with less and less hope, one of the little household found work, but it was not Ham or his Dee, but their Scots terrier, who was wanted for a scene or two in the great actor's new film. The small hound was handsomely paid, and their troubles were temporarily over, but the squeak, as one might say, had been too narrow, and the young couple returned to their home town with their breadwinner on a new and expensive leash.

There is a moral to this story, which I consider unnecessary to emphasise, and there is also a pleasant, undistinguished little plot. An agreeable means of whiling away a few hours.

A success story will always have its readers, since it fulfils an unacknowledged longing in so many people, the need for reassurance that is satisfied by every story which ends ". . . and so they lived happily ever after."

The hero of Miss Marjorie Hessell Tiltman's novel did not, perhaps, live as contentedly as the hero of the fairy tale, but he achieved his three ambitions and he rose from working in his father's rag and bone business to being one of London's most distinguished antique dealers.

QUALITY CHASE (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is the record of that rise, and it is a full-blooded, competent, and likeable book. It neither sparkles nor thrills, but it has, like the best Birmingham products, some excellent stuff in it, and it is solid and reliable work. Birmingham itself is as important to the story as "Quality" Chase, its principal figure. The Brummagem of the '70's, "a big town of little men. The toyshop of Europe, growing—growing—growing, till the trades crept up to over a thousand in number. Anybody's town. Use a tool and go to Brummagem. Be your own master. Coal and iron at your back door, almost for the asking. Work from dawn, work till midnight, but see how the money would grow with it. No place there for the idle, for the mere pretty. . . . Blunt primitive philosophy, blunt primitive people."

Dominating Birmingham at that time, and influencing the whole career of Quality Chase, was the great figure of Joseph Chamberlain, whose portrait Miss Tiltman has given us in heroic colours. He was the pride of Birmingham just as, the author contends, a man like Quality Chase was typical of Birmingham's vitality and hard-headedness. Chase had ambition and drive, and he needed them, but he was a gambler, too. He gambled on his own abilities and on that flair for a thing of beauty which made his success possible.

He proposed to his beautiful wife first, and learned to love her later. He bought a Georgian house before he had the money, and bid for fabulous antiques before he had a buyer in mind for them. He was impulsive and quick-tempered and passionate, but he had the solid merits of the Black Country character to back up his self-confidence, and he manages to be an attractive figure in these pages, even if he is a bombastic one.

In fiction the question of convents has been treated on occasion reverently, indignantly, and even salaciously. Since only the smallest minority is really competent to write on the subject, it has attracted a number of self-selected experts whose findings have never yet made history.

At the same time there is always one person whose account of convent life might be valuable, and that is a woman who has passed through her novitiate period, taken the veil, and finally renounced it after a number of years.

In **THE CONVENT** (Dent. 8s. 6d.) Miss Alyse Simpson has written a part of her own life story. At the age of twenty she left her home and her parents to go, as a novice, to the Convent of the Mystic Rose, in the Swiss countryside. Urged to this decision partly by a genuine desire for a cloistered life and partly by an equally genuine disappointment in love, the writer had no qualms about the rigours of such a life, even in the first stages of the trial period.

"I saw myself walking on consecrated ground . . . and I imagined I heard women's voices rising from a walled-in garden, a garden filled with pale white lilies; singing, singing 'Ave, ave Maria' . . . I was tremendously romantic. But I was also a realist at times, and the realist that was in me, that is in all women, was asking, is it not all an illusion? . . . No, it was not that. My renunciation was to be a kind of martyrdom, exquisite in a way, awe-inspiring even."

At the convent she found a life of impossibly hard physical discipline, of inconsistencies, of religious ecstasies induced by underfeeding and delirium, of friendships and gossip and of astonishing materialism. After a year or two as a fully-fledged nun she ran away, like a child escaping from a harsh school, and was married not long after.

What is odd and interesting about this book is not the revelations of a guarded life of which most of us can know little, but the calm acceptance of it by a girl scarcely out of her 'teens, and the measured way in which she reviews it at this distance. "I could never forget the pathetic dream of a handful of women waiting all their lives for 'God's day,' praying for His kingdom here on earth. It was a false dream, of course, at least I felt almost sure of that, but I was often grieved because it had not lasted."

It is a sober, rather grim little story, but it has the importance that every human experience remembered in sincerity must have, and its limitations are the limitations of actual fact. This book recaptures innocence of mind, and that is its appeal.

IN THE WEST END

Swedish girls admiring the colourful windows in Oxford Street, where the shops prove irresistible to feminine visitors of all nations

On left—A happy contingent of Danish students on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral

FOREIGN VISITORS IN LONDON

On right—The imperturbable guardsman is the object of unconcealed admiration on the part of these Swiss visitors to the capital. Foreign visitors were in great evidence all through the fine days of August before the crisis

TOWN SUITS AND NEW TWEEDS

There is a new, straighter silhouette for the autumn. You can see it in the two-piece on the right. The very simple frock is of black face cloth, the long-sleeved dress absolutely plain but perfectly cut, and the loose coat lined with white kid. A good outfit in which to welcome the first cold days, and one that will have a long and useful life

Stripes are tremendously important this autumn. Just how good they can be is shown in the black herring-bone tweed suit with white darned stripes which have been used to accent the stepped revers, pockets, and skirt panel. The skirt is cut high across the front of the waist, and the jacket has a three-quarter inset belt. Both these suits come from Debenham and Freebody

The sort of tweed suit that you can wear quite well in town as well as in the country is shown below. It is one of the finest quality Scottish homespuns, and it is checked in green and greys. The skirt has vertical buttoned pockets set in just below the waist, and the jacket has a half-belt across the back. Bernard Weatherill make such suits in many fabrics from 10 guineas

White Fur—White Stripes

ARE the suits that will be worn this autumn very different from those that we have had? They certainly are. They are more dignified, more important, and there is about them no suggestion of the schoolgirl influence that has swayed everything this summer. They are suits that can be worn by women of all ages, and they are going to look best on women with hips. That's the sort of turncoat Fashion is.

The first thing you will notice is the increased length and straightness of the jackets. They come well down over the hips, emphasising curved waists, and giving an illusion of increased height. Add to them one of the new hats with enormously long quills thrust up through the crown and you have the perfect solution to not-so-tall problems.

The next thing is the difference in skirts. Pleats still appear, often in unexpectedly placed groups, but completely pleated skirts are out. Many skirts are almost straight; some have a very low and gentle flare; and others have considerable back fullness further stressed by fluted peplums on their coats. It is the big note of the autumn collections, this back fullness which is the tailored interpretation of the bustle. Even hats have it, for many of them sport long loops of ribbon or cascades of taffeta falling to the nape of the neck.

Black is the most popular daytime colour. Navy blue has almost entirely disappeared, but for those who like to brighten up grey days there are rich reds, greens, and warm chocolate browns. It is when one comes to tweeds that one begins to think of rainbows and stained-glass and the most exuberant of tartans. The colours are exquisitely blended and many of the chunky coats are likely to be more often seen in London than in the country.

The great thing with real country coats is to have them in plain camelhair with a brilliant tartan lining, or in multicoloured tweed or fur fabric with a vivid red, green, or blue lining. And in both cases to have a hood. You will see them everywhere, and certainly once you have worn one you will not willingly give it up. It means the end of fearing draughts in cars, and the banishment of the tyranny of hats or scarves that have to be twisted round the head.

"What's yours?"

It's a WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

Stag Party

It is a party where men are men and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. This is a whisky which has all the virtues, just as it has *all* the finest whiskies of Scotland in its blend. Over a century's accumulated skill goes to combine these whiskies in perfect harmony. The result is the smoothest and most satisfying drink a man could ask for. The blending does it!

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker** —

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REMOVING CANTERBURY'S PRICELESS GLASS

Scenes in the Corona, or Becket's Crown, of the Great Kentish Cathedral

CIRCLES OF GLOWING COLOUR were being detached from the east windows last Monday when "The Sphere's" special photographer visited the great cathedral

THE SCENE ABOVE THE HISTORIC ENTHRONEMENT CHAIR: In the chapel of Becket's Crown stands the historic enthronement chair dating from the thirteenth century. It is from the surrounding group of windows that the glass is being removed

THE TRY-OUT OF THE CHILDREN'S EVACUATION SCHEME

(Continued from page 343)

In addition to the clothes they are wearing, and overcoat or mackintosh.

Girls	*Boys*
One vest or combies.	One vest.
One pair knickers.	One shirt with collar.
One bodice.	One pair pants.
One petticoat.	One pullover or jersey.
Two pairs stockings.	One pair knickers.
Handkerchiefs.	Handkerchiefs.
Slip or blouse.	Two pairs socks or stockings.
Cardigan.	

Additional for all: Night attire; towel; tooth-brush; comb; soap; plimsolls; face cloth. No blankets.

All adults and children carry food sufficient for the day of evacuation:

Sandwiches (egg or cheese).
Apple; orange.
Packet of nuts.
Packet of seedless raisins.
Dry biscuit and packet of cheese.
Barley sugar—in preference to chocolate.
No liquids.

THE SUCCESS OF THE RADIO SHOW

RADIOLYMPIA ONCE AGAIN The brightly-lit stands of the various exhibitors dominated by the huge model of Broadcasting House. The large attendances this year, even during the present crisis, have astonished even the manufacturers themselves, though the excellence of the various exhibits was bound to attract the crowds. The television exhibits, which were remarkably well displayed, were thronged with sightseers

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

To-day, more than ever before, funds are earnestly solicited to help the great work of training poor boys for entry into the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. Such work is carried on in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, a branch of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. During the Great War, in the attack on Zeebrugge, one old *Arethusa* boy was awarded the V.C., while seven others were awarded the D.S.M. Please help this National work. Donations should be sent to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE EVER-LASTING CHARM OF INDIA

THE ENTRANCE GATE, AMBER Amber, the ancient capital of the State of Jaipur in Rajputana, India, with its picturesque and beautiful surroundings, is guaranteed to leave a deep impression on all who are fortunate enough to see it. Its full name is said to have been Ambarikhanera, which was gradually contracted to Ambiner or Amber. Our picture shows the entrance-gate to the city. The three shy, but apparently curious children on the camel's back do not appear to be averse to photography

THE travel interest of India is inexhaustible and the magnitude of the subject is apt to crush out any consideration of an important complement—the journey to India. Air has its champions both in times of peace and of crisis—the stages are easy, rapid and comfortable.

There are several gates into India—Karachi, Madras, Calcutta, or through Ceylon. In any case, I would urge you to include Southern India in your travels—ancient Travancore, Cochin, and the lovely backwaters of Malabar, inland to colourful Mysore and penetrate to the remote Gersoppa Falls, the highest in the world.

To travel India really well you require about six months, but inevitably that is the privilege of few, and the newcomer has often to be content with the outstanding sights which lie between Calcutta and Bombay, such as the fairy city of Udaipur, rose-pink Jaipur, and deserted Amber, Delhi, the inevitable Taj Mahal at Agra, and Benares. As you pick out these places on the map others thrust themselves to your notice—lovely Kashmir, Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, and Lucknow, of hallowed memory, among them.

One part that appeals to me for the sake of the breath-taking panorama of the Himalayas is Darjeeling, the beautiful hill station to which official Bengal retreats during the hot season and rains. It is 369 miles north of Calcutta, and the last 50 or 60 miles of the journey is over a railway regarded as one of the greatest engineering feats in the country. Every yard of the track was blasted out of solid rock and it reaches a height of 7,400 ft., but drops a little into Darjeeling with its villas and bungalows among pine and fir forests astride the ridge above the Ranjit river. The scene is dominated by the mountain mass of Kinchinjunga, but from Tiger Hill, a pleasant 6-mile ride from Darjeeling, mighty Everest comes into view.

Another diversion from Calcutta is to Puri, the home of the god Jagannath and one of the most sacred towns in India. It is a comfortable night's journey to the south of Calcutta, and in addition to being a place of pilgrimage is a popular health and holiday resort. At the eastern gate of the temple is a black marble pillar with a tiny figure of the Dawn on its capital, one of the greatest gems of Indian carving. Puri is famous for its festivals in which great cars 45 ft. high and nearly as wide are hauled by hundreds of pilgrims.

Festivals are a great feature of life in India. Many of them are limited to districts, but one of the best known, celebrated throughout the country, is that of the lamp. It is called Divali, or Dipavali, meaning a row of lamps, and the festival is sacred to the goddess Sri Lakshmi, the wife of Shiva.

On the new moon day of Asvin, the Hindu era known as Samvat completes a year, and New Year's day is the first of the month of Kartik. Both periods come in our month of October. In the various provinces the ceremonials are different but the part common to all is the row of lamps. The most beautiful ceremony of all is at nightfall when Hindu girls and women in their brightly-coloured saris go to the river or lake and set the earthen lamps on their little voyages. The symbolism may be beyond you but surely the enchanting picture is not.

If you are looking for something off the beaten track, make for the Khyber Pass. Grim and glorious history has been made in that wild cleft in the mountains through which Alexander and other great invaders descended into India. Our own connection with it goes back exactly 100 years, a force of about 10,000 men penetrating it in July, 1839.

You can go there by rail or road. The Khyber railway was opened for traffic only fourteen years ago. It runs from Jamrud, the entrance to the pass, to Landi Khana, close to the Afghan frontier, but the service terminates at Landi Kotal, the highest point on the route (3,500 ft.). The road is open as far as Michni Kandao, 30 miles from Peshawar and between the two Landis. Going by car a stop must be made at Jamrud to enter your name in the register. In every vehicle one of the party must be armed, and women must be accompanied by an armed escort. You have to stick to the main road, be at stipulated places at certain times, and must return the same day. It would probably not be as thrilling as it sounds, but the elements of an adventure are certainly there.

There is scope for many articles in the wild life of India. From the slopes of the Himalayas through the sunbaked deserts of Sind and Rajputana, over the grassy plains of the open jungle of the Deccan to the luxuriant forests of Assam and the valleys of the Malabar coasts, creatures of the wild abound, large and small, ferocious and docile. With all its millions of human beings shaping the work of nature to their own end there are still great areas where wild life reigns supreme.

The tiger is generally considered the most fearsome creature of the Indian jungle but is really rather timid until roused, and a far worse reputation has been earned in the country by the more prevalent panther, which combines cunning with insolence. In many states the tiger enjoys a considerable measure of protection. Both creatures are found in many parts, but the tiger is principally associated with the jungles of the Terai and Assam, consisting mainly of tall grass, Kanara, parts of the Central Provinces, the eastern parts of Rajputana and Hyderabad State.

The Indian lion, which has no mane, has declined to a degree approaching extinction and its old domains in the central and north-western parts know it no more. Its last stronghold is the comparatively small forest of Gir in Kathiawar where it is preserved by the Nawab of Junagarth.

There are still many elephants in India, particularly in the valleys of the south, the forests of Assam and among the foothills of the Himalayas. In spite of that soulful eye some elephants are really very naughty, but when part of a forest has to be moved about they are very useful and consequently enjoy most rigid protection.

The bison and buffalo are found in many states, the dangerous sloth-bear in the central provinces, the brown bear in the Himalayan foothills and the rhinoceros in Nepal.

None of these in the wild state is likely to come the way of the ordinary sight-seeing traveller, but generous nature provides for him the glory of the trees and flowers, the song and colour of the birds.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

"Where's Master?"

. . . With friends, enjoying a "BLACK & WHITE", the popular blend of rare old Scotch Whisky that relieves fatigue and renews energy.
"BLACK & WHITE" is a most effective stimulant in these days of stress. Be sure to ask for it by name—

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L. (4)

RELAXATION IN STRESSFUL TIMES—TO BE FOUND AT THE LONDON CASINO

The London Casino reopened in mid-August after a thorough reconditioning and decorating of the building. The scene which now greets the eye is refreshingly gay and sparkling, and the two shows which are given, one at dinner and one at supper-time, are equally brilliant. *On left*—The finale of the fairy coach scene and, *on right*, Jack Durant, the American comedian, who acts as compère

FROM FRANCE—*(Continued from page 344)*

Signs of the times, as we say—tiny events in the smallest village—give them the really true information which they are eager to have, which information denotes the gravity, or otherwise, of the situation. The village men who have been called up, and especially *where* they have gone, and, if possible to know, *what* they are to do, is information which sheds truer light than anything else.

Although there are now fewer motorbuses in Paris, the country bus services are about normal, excepting in the north. The trains, which by means of the newspapers the government announced to be at the disposal of Parisians who might possibly feel safer in the country, arrive here comparatively empty; for Paris, up to the moment of writing, is as calm, in proportion, as Fontainebleau. However, from hour to hour, the situation changes.

The French A.R.P. services work differently from those in England, and less is seen or heard of them. This is perhaps on account of the difference in geographical situation, and, most likely, the difference of temperament. The French do not like to be ruthlessly disturbed, and much less directed like school children. But whether the people realise it or not, they are under air-raid protection, and in all large towns discreet but ample shelter is provided, together with means of systematic evacuation. In case of dire necessity, people will be just simply rounded-up, and hastily packed off, willing or protesting, to points of safety already determined. It would hardly be wise, if, indeed, permitted, to describe the elaborate and ingenious details of A.R.P. in Paris; but to give an idea of wise anticipation, one may mention the "tubes." When, since the last war, new lines were bored under Paris, people wondered at the enormous length of the new stations, the great width of the platforms, and the comparative absence of long and narrow staircases. These things were then described as necessary for employing longer trains, and the quicker passing-along of greater crowds. But the trains and the crowds remain the same—at least to-day! And questions are no longer asked!

In country towns, such as, for instance, Melun, Montargis, Montereau, Sens, etc. (which one might, perhaps, compare with St. Albans, Colchester, Reading and York), air-raid protection is somewhat primitive; for escape to the fields and woods is comparatively easy.

The entirely admirable attitude of the people of France is such that, were it not for the disappearance of men from their usual haunts and occupations, and the information by press and radio, one could hardly notice that times are not normal.

Georges Clarrière

FROM IRELAND—*(Cont. from page 344)*

Liverpool looked solid and reassuring, if grey and gloomy. My two suit-cases and my hat-box were spread out for the Customs inspection; they looked quite respectable and unlikely to attract attention, but the same could not be said of the round brown paper parcel lying beside them. A rather foreign-looking family seemed to be having rather a tough break; a police man was casting a non-committal eye over the Customs officer's activities with them and their belongings.

Next to me a most ordinary-looking man was being most thoroughly searched, hands up, pockets patted, mackintosh spread out and examined—but at last the blessed chalk marks were on everything. The Lord be praised, I had no mackintosh, for the drab grey mackintosh has almost become the uniform of the bomb thrower!

"Have you anything to declare. What is in your suit-cases?"

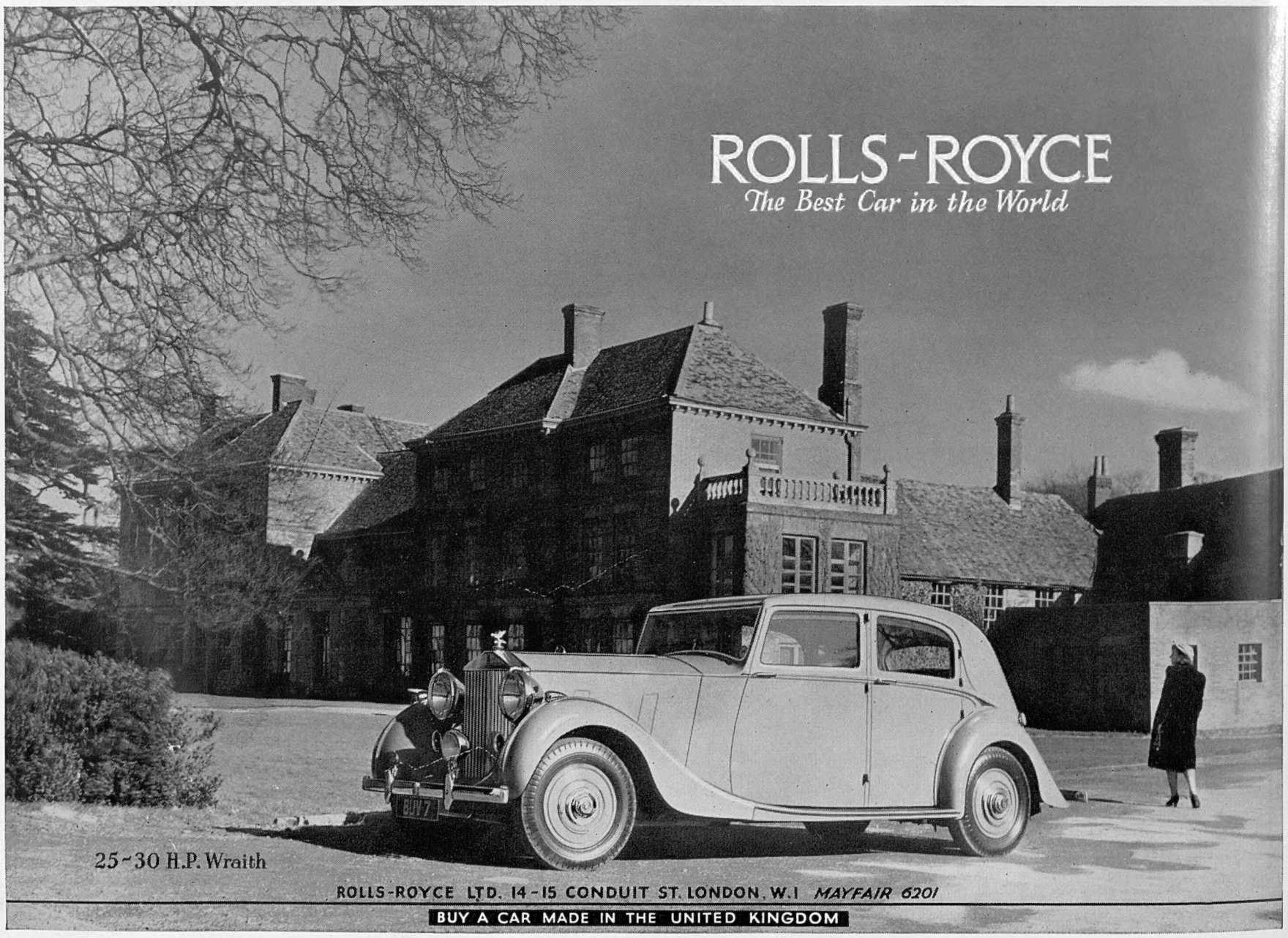
My turn had come.

"Oh, nothing but the clothes I brought over. I have been visiting friends," I earnestly assured him. "What is in the parcel?" he asked, lifting it up, shaking it, and giving it a thump (rather brave, I thought that!)

"Only some country butter and heather," I replied, feeling a little foolish.

And soon I was rushing actively after my cases, my parcels, and my porter in search of a seat in the very crowded train for Euston.

E. Powell Jones



CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms. fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Verenahof and Ochsen.—1st. cl. highly cultured fam. htl. Mod. comft. 100 med. (thermal) bths. in htl. mod. trms.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orchestra. Dancing. Pension fr. 15. Electrically hted. swim. pl. Tennis. Wlkng. Mntaineering.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr. 13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lenzerheide.—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—Leading first-class hotel. Best position. Large private prk. Open-air restrnt. Trms frm Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

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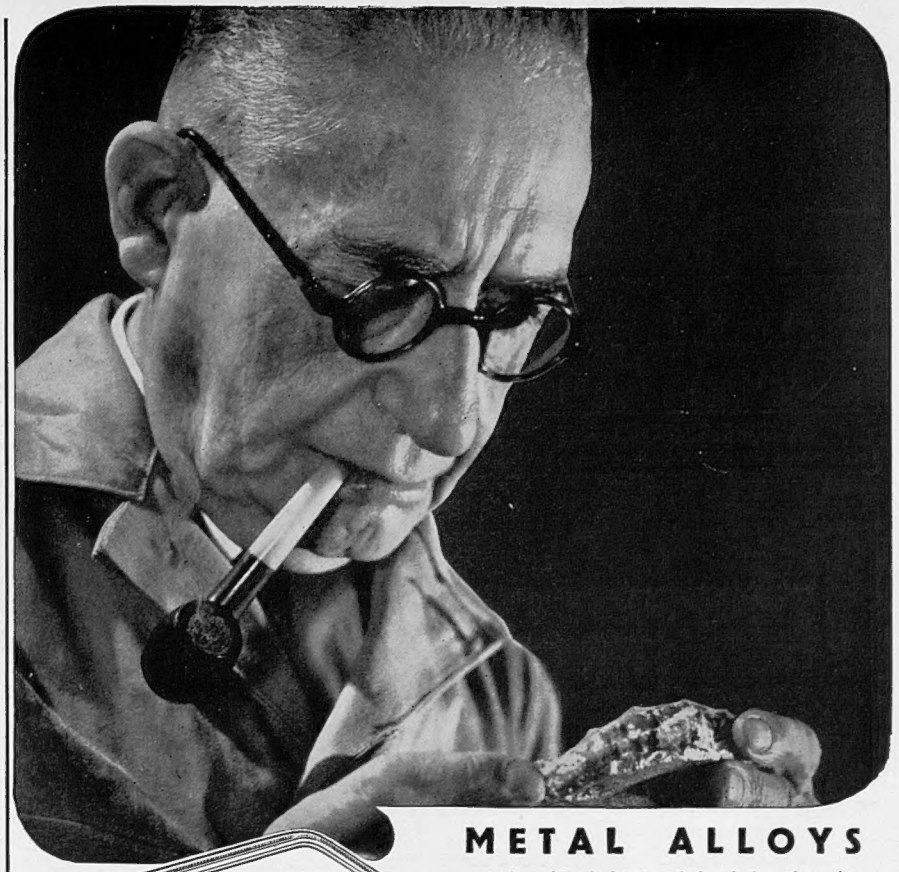

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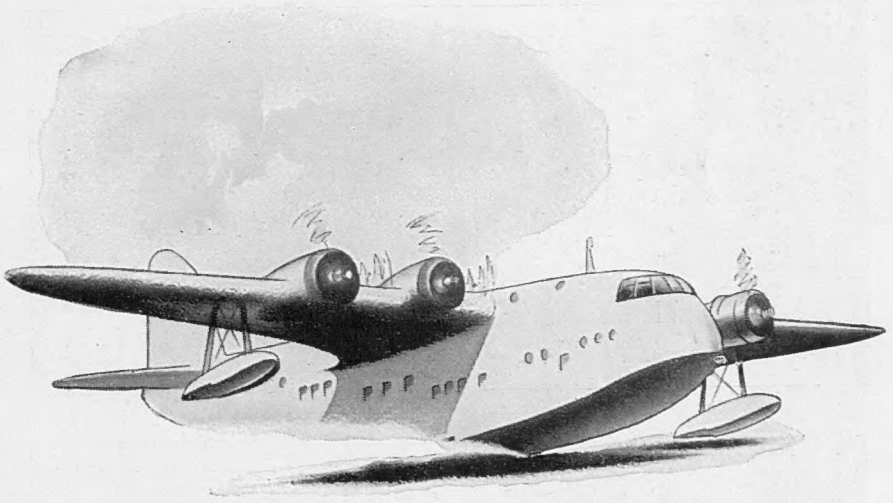

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